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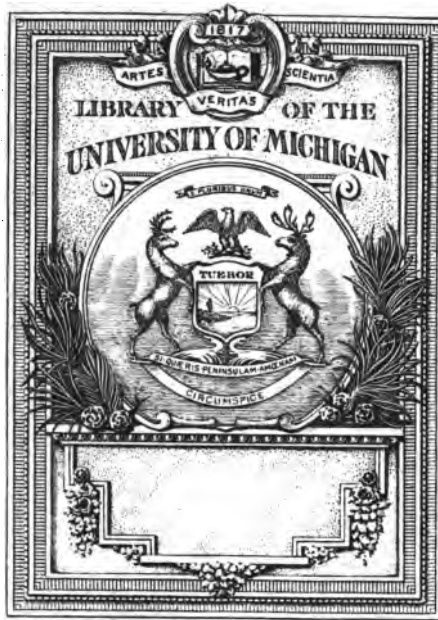
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*Eliza Jones.*  
P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

---

By JAMES WOODHOUSE,  
Journeyman Shoemaker.

---

THE SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED,  
With several additional pieces never before published,

To the whole is prefixed,  
A LIST of his Generous Benefactors on the former Publication,  
And the Subscribers to the present Edition.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

G E O R G E,

LORD LYTTTELTON,

BARON of FRANKLEY,

This Work is inscribed,

AS an humble acknowledgment of his condescension, humanity and beneficence towards the Author ; in whom it would be presumption to enlarge on his virtues, which are every day exerted in the highest, and most extensive sphere ; or to speak of his genius, which not only adorns the present, but will illuminate future ages.

1894

...

...

...

T H E

## *Author's Apology.*

**I**T may appear presumptuous in one so obscure as the Author of the following Poems, to venture a second time the publishing his trifling productions ; and he does not know whether even his apologizing for it may not be thought vain, before he assures his readers that this second publication was partly in compliance with the desire, or rather in obedience to the commands, of some of his noble and generous Benefactors, joined with a wish to perform what was promised for him by the Gentleman who was so kind as to undertake the publication of the first edition ; viz. That if a second Edition should be called for, a list of the Benefactors should be published.

Deeply

Deeply impressed with a grateful sense of such unmerited favours, he takes this opportunity of acknowledging their goodness, as well as the indulgence the public has already shewn him ; notwithstanding which, he is so sensible of his own want of merit, that even after such unexpected countenance and encouragement, he must solely rely on the continuance of that candour and indulgence. He hopes his situation in life, his want of learning, and his unambitious views, will plead in his favour with those whose education and abilities place them in a rank so much above him, and screen these efforts of an uncultivated genius from the severity of criticism.

Notwithstanding I have in the title page continued the appellation of a SHOEMAKER, I am happy in being able to inform my readers, that  
by

by the great and unexpected generosity of my Patrons, I am now enabled to apply my time chiefly to the duty of my little school, which I hope will offend no one of my Benefactors, especially as my original occupation seldom brought me in more than 10*l.* per annum, though I followed it with all diligence, even to the prejudice of my health.

I am much obliged to many of my unknown Benefactors for their apprehensions, lest my unexpected success should so far elate me, as to make me a useless member of the community ; but I hope, by my conduct, to convince them that such apprehensions were groundless ; for if I have the least knowledge of myself, or acquaintance with my own heart, whatever good fortune happens to me, or additional blessings I enjoy, I shall think

~~think myself indebted to the divine Providence,~~  
 and strive to shew my gratitude to the public by  
 endeavouring all in my narrow sphere to pro-  
 mote virtue in general; and, in particular, impress  
 a sense of it on the minds of those intrusted  
 to my care, as well as of my own little family,  
 who I hope will be sensible how much they  
 are indebted to an age abounding with bene-  
 volent and generous persons, to whom my own  
 experience enables me, with the greatest truth,  
 to subscribe myself,

A most obliged,

And grateful servant,

J. WOODHOUSE.

---

## ADVERTISEMENT.

To the First Edition.

**A**S the Public will expect some account of an author, who was never heard of before ; a gentleman, who was honoured with the late ingenious Mr. SHENSTONE'S correspondence, has undertaken to inform the reader, that JAMES WOODHOUSE is now a journeyman shoemaker, at the village of Rowley, near Hales-Owen, about seven miles from Birmingham, and two miles from Mr. SHENSTONE'S of the Leffowes ; in the improvement of which small estate that gentleman had shewn so much of true taste, that it is justly the admiration of all ranks of people. His benevolence was



such, that he permitted the lowest of his neighbours the benefit of those delightful scenes ; amongst whom was poor Crispin, our author ; but his happiness was not of long continuance, for the liberty Mr. SHENSTONE's good-nature granted, was soon turned into licentiousness ; the people destroying the shrubs, picking the flowers, breaking down the hedges, and doing him other damage, produced a prohibition to every one without application to himself or principal servants.

This was originally the cause of our poet's being known to Mr. SHENSTONE, he sending him, on that occasion, the first poem in this book ; which not only gave him the liberty of passing many leisure hours in those charming walks, but introduced him to Mr. SHENSTONE himself ; who being so obliging as to lend his London friend  
some

some manuscript poems of his own, he found intermixed with them the shoemaker's two first elegies; which WOODHOUSE, at his request, transcribed and sent Mr. SHENSTONE's friend to London; who shewing it to some of his acquaintance, they made a small collection for him, which produced the Ode on Benevolence, inscribed to his friends; whom he also mentions in his last poem of the *Leffowes*.

THE poem intituled Spring, was imperfectly printed in the Poetical Calendar for March 1763, without his knowledge, or the compilers even mentioning to whom they were obliged.

THE last poem, being a Description of the *Leffowes*, it was natural and almost unavoidable to introduce some expressions, and even a few

lines

lines, which the reader will have seen in the first elegy, therefore it is hoped his candour will allow for the repetition.

MR. SZENSTONE had seen, tho' not corrected, the four first poems ; and often mentioned in his letters the merit of the author ; but his great modesty would not suffer a publication of these poems in which he was spoken of so highly. But as persons of taste and genius are deprived of so elegant a writer, there now remains no objection to the printing the whole, for the benefit of an obscure poet, and an honest, sober, industrious man.

If the benevolent reader would be further informed, as to our author's education, and present situation, this will acquaint him that he had no other

other than what was sufficient to enable him to read and write, being taken from school at seven years old ; but, to use his own words, finding when he was about eighteen such an invincible inclination to reading, and an insatiable thirst after knowledge, he expended all his little perquisites in the purchase of magazines, till he became acquainted with Mr. SHENSTONE, who never refused to lend him any book his elegant library could furnish him with ; but the death of his generous patron has again circumscribed his improvement chiefly to the monthly productions.

He is about twenty-eight years of age ; has a wife and two or three small children, whom he endeavours to maintain by great application to his business, and the teaching children to read

and

and write ; both of which occupations bring him in not more than eight shillings a week.

He generally sits at his work with a pen and ink by him, and when he has made a couplet he writes them down on his knee ; so that he may not, thereby, neglect the duties of a good husband and kind father ; for the same reason his hours for reading are often borrowed from those usually allotted to sleep,

DOUBTLESS the humane reader will, from what has been related of the station and circumstances of this poor man, think him an object worthy of his notice : And, if to humanity, the consideration of the author's uncommon genius, be joined, with such a one obscurity will not preclude merit, though it be found in a cottage.

BE-

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A N

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T O

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

Of the LESSOWES.

**P**ARDON, O SHENSTONE! an intruding strain,  
Nor blame the boldness of a village swain,  
Who feels ambition haunt the lowliest cell,  
And dares on thy distinguish'd name to dwell ;  
Let no censorious frown deform thy face,  
But gladd'ning smiles maintain their wonted grace.  
Hence, vain surmise ! my muse can ne'er offend  
One truly good ! To all mankind a friend !

B

Tho



Tho' ev'ry muse disclaims my rustic lay,  
 Thy songs delight, the tuneful god of day;  
 What true respect inspires, let me believe  
 The generous SHENSTONE will at least forgive;  
 Shall he, benevolent as wife, disdain  
 The muse's suitor, tho' a sandal'd swain?  
 Tho' no auspicious rent-rolls grace my line,  
 I boast the same original divine.  
 Tho' niggard fate with-held her fordid ore,  
 Yet liberal nature gave her better store;  
 Whose influence early did my mind inspire  
 To read her works, and seek her mighty Sire.  
 Oft has she led me to thy fair domains,  
 Where she, with art, in sweet assemblage reigns:  
 Has led me to the dusky twilight cell\*,  
 Where meagre melancholy loves to dwell:

---

\* An alcove, from whence is a view of the vista in the wood.

Oft has creative fancy seen her move,  
 With pensive pace, along the mournful grove ;  
 Her haggard eye, and looks all downward bent,  
 Slow, creeping on, with solemn step she went ;  
 Where tow'ring trees assail the sapphire sky,  
 While on their tops the panting breezes die,  
 Whose deep-entwined branches all conspire  
 To banish SOL, or damp his parching fire.  
 In vain ! their efforts but endear the blaze,  
 While thro' the shade his penetrating rays  
 Between the quivering foilage all around  
 In circled dances gild the chequer'd ground.  
 See, thro' the centre, bursts a flood of light,  
 And woods, hills, hamlets rush upon the sight.  
 Again immerg'd, a-down the green abode,  
 My joyful feet explor'd the mazy road ;  
 Whence not a sacrilegious footstep strays,  
 Nor, lawless, seeks to tread forbidden ways.

Here

Here fragrant shrubs, here limpid streams appear,  
 Whose trilling murmurs strike the ravish'd ear.  
 See, from their dark recesses they slowly creep,  
 The tear-hung flowers beside the margin weep.  
 With gurgling moan the winding stream complains,  
 And dyes its pebbly bed with sanguine stains \* ;  
 Yet, blest by heav'n, its gracious ends to serve,  
 To cheer the languid eye, and brace the slacken'd  
     nerve :

Th' insatiate pond † its boundless gifts receives,  
 Absorpt and bury'd in its crystal waves ;  
 The bounding fish the dimpling surface spurn,  
 And hail the Naiad as she stoops her urn.

\* The serpentine mineral stream that stains the pebbles with oker.

† Pond below.

BELOW

Below with sudden burst, and louder tone,  
 The sounding cataract rushes headlong down,  
 Oft-times beneath the verdant slope I've stood,  
 And, as the jutting stones divide the flood,  
 Well pleas'd beheld the wide expanded stream  
 Reflecting far an adamantine gleam.  
 Its self-scoop'd reservoir, beneath, it laves  
 In foaming eddies ; then, in circling waves,  
 Kisses in wanton sport the rocky sides,  
 Till, sweetly smiling, smoothly on it glides.  
 What flowers along its borders nature spreads,  
 That o'er the liquid mirror hang their heads !  
 With vain self-love, their painted charms survey,  
 And like NARCISSUS, fondly pine away.

HERE gloomy grottos spread a solemn shade \* ;  
 There bench'd alcoves afford their friendly aid :

---

† Cascade falling from another pond.

\* The root houses.

Here lucid streams in wild meanders stray,  
 And ramble wide, to share the smoothest way ;  
 Or, nobly bold, with unremitting pride,  
 O'er stones and fragments pour the impetuous tide ;  
 While on the margin, with VERTUMNUS, reigns  
 The blooming FLORA, chequ'ring all the plains ;  
 And painted kine the flow'ry herbage graze,  
 Whose milky store their bill of fare repays ;  
 While, warbling round, the plummy choirists throng,  
 And glad th' horizon with their rural song.

HAIL, blooming EDEN ! Hail, ARCADIAN shades !  
 Where dwells APOLLO ; dwell th' AONIAN maids :  
 Immortal train ! who alway thee attend,  
 Their chosen fav'rite, and their constant friend :  
 With heart-felt joy I've traced their various song,  
 Express'd in fragments \*, all thy walks along :

---

\* The mottos and inscriptions,

To read, them ALL would be my humble pride ;  
 But only part is granted, part denied :  
 I feel no GRÆCIAN, feel no ROMAN fire ;  
 I only share the BRITISH muse's lyre ;  
 And that stern penury dares almost deny ;  
 For manual toils alone my wants supply :  
 The awl and pen by turns possess my hand,  
 And worldly cares, e'en now, the muse's hour de-  
 mand.

Once fickle fortune's gifts before me shone,  
 But now, that tantalizing vision's gone !  
 What is, is best : And now that hope's no more,  
 Am I less happy than I was before,  
 Who live resign'd to my CREATOR's will,  
 And sweet contentment's presence blesses still ?

THINK not I write for hire !—My gen'rous muse  
 Has no such mean, such mercenary views !

I only

I only wish to be thy serving friend,  
 And on thy footsteps faithful to attend :  
 I ask no pay ; let all my wages be  
 My mind's improvement, while I wait on thee.  
 To heat thy works, to read them o'er and o'er,  
 Wou'd be both INDIES ; Wisdom's richest store !  
 Aw'd by thy modest worth, I dare no more.  
 Is this my prayer ? It must acceptance find ;  
 My muse not venal ; thine humane and kind.

ONCE thy propitious gates no fears betray'd,  
 But bid all welcome to the sacred shade ;  
 'Till BELIAL's fons (of gratitude the bane)  
 With curfed riot dar'd thy groves profane :  
 And now their fatal mischiefs I deplore,  
 Condemn'd to dwell in PARADISE no more !  
 Thy just revenge, like heaven's flaming guard,  
 With frowning bolts all entrance has debarr'd,

On

On that BLEST DAY, which with the great I share  
 In luscious ease, retir'd from toil and care ;  
 That ease, which banishes the frown austere,  
 And ranks the peasant equal with the peer.  
 Then hear my humble claim ; and smiling grant  
 The fond petition of thy suppliant ;  
 That when before thy villa's gate I stand,  
 An offer'd key may grace thy servant's hand ;  
 Nor shall the youthful votary of the muse,  
 Nor friends select, her haunts and thine abuse ;  
 But share her influence ; bless the live-long day ;  
 And, when again she sings, resound a nobler lay.

ENOUGH ; nor shall her tasteless, tuneless song,  
 With scrannel pipe, thy gentle patience wrong.

ROWLEY  
 June 1759.

J. WOODHOUSE.

C

ELEGY



---

# E L E G Y II.

WRITTEN TO

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

Of the LESSOWES.

**A** RUDE presumptuous muse, unchecked,  
More favour'd than she could expect,  
Again replumes her feeble wing,  
And thus, again, essays to sing.

SERENELY smil'd the festal day,  
Inviting to thy shades away ;

No

No fable clouds, thro' heav'n's domain,  
 With angry frown, foreboded rain ;  
 No wide-mouth'd EOL, bluft'ring loud,  
 To tumults rous'd his factious crowd ;  
 Thin flying vapours veil'd the fun,  
 But foon, unmask'd, he clearly fhone ;  
 Here, golden luftre free from ftains ;  
 There, flitting shadows patch the plains,

AND O thou \* steel enchanter, hail !  
 That canft o'er bolts and bars prevail ;  
 Thy magic touch gives free accefs,  
 Nor leaves occafion to tranfgrefs ;  
 More I could fing, for more's thy need ;  
 But now I leave thee, and proceed.

FAVONIUS rov'd the fhades among,  
 Suffus'd with fragrance and with fong,

\* The key before request'd.

All jocund play'd his balmy breeze,  
 Among the flow'rs, among the trees;  
 Pilf'ring from each transpiring sweets,  
 Then, with the spoil, each wand'rer greets.  
 Distant the swan, elate and vain,  
 Sail'd stately o'er the wat'ry plain;  
 His ermin'd breast the pool divides,  
 And, while soft parting from his sides,  
 The widening waves his paths betray,  
 Beneath his oars distending play;  
 He snorts contempt, his neck he turns,  
 And every feather'd vassal spurns.

Though these delights around me throng,  
 And thousands that remain unfung;  
 Yet, hapless I ! still doom'd to moan,  
 I found my kind MECENAS gone :

No

No friendly partner in my grief,  
 By sympathy to give relief;  
 Except the weeping fount below\*,  
 (Whose crystal tears for ever flow)  
 Which through the verdant lichen crept,  
 And smil'd the more, the more it wept,  
 But let me other woes bemoan,  
 Than what attended me alone,

HERE, ruthless crowds, disdainful bounds,  
 Climb'd o'er thy gates, leap'd all thy mounds;  
 There, pathless lawns and meadows crost,  
 And through the crashing fences burst.  
 Ye Nymphs and Fauns, my wish befriend!  
 Ye Dryads all, assistance lend!

---

\* The weeping, or dripping, well in Virgil's grove.

Oh! lead them through your mazy shade,  
 To thorns and quivering bogs betray'd,  
 See where yon\* island lifts its head,  
 The boat for social pleasure made,  
 Seiz'd by the same tumultuous band,  
 And driving from its peaceful stand  
 To break the tender o'er's shoots,  
 To bare or bruise its matted roots.  
 Ye Naiads, guardians of these streams,  
 Defend what your protection claims.  
 Ye clouds, pour down your vengeful showers;  
 Let EOL too unite his powers,  
 To raise the storm to heave them o'er,  
 And send them duck'd, half-drown'd, to shore.

EMBRACING here this alder fair,  
 Led by the soft'ring hand of care,

---

\* In the upper pond near the large beeches.

A twining woodbine rear'd its head,  
 And, once, mellifluent odour shed ;  
 Now sever'd by some trait'rous knife,  
 Lies robb'd of fragrance, verdure, life !  
 Surely such sweetness might assuage  
 The fell assassin's murd'ring rage !  
 What hellish dæmon was his guide  
 To rob thee of thy blooming pride ?  
 May heaviest rains on him descend !  
 No friendly tree its shelter lend !  
 But, from their leafy sides and tops,  
 Drench him with pond'rous, chilling drops !  
 Or, wilder'd in the blackest night,  
 May screaming owls his ears affright !  
 And, if his breast a woodbine bear,  
 May withering mildews blast it there !

---

 WHAT

WHAT though each avenue thou bar ;  
 Yet insufficient's all thy care :  
 Except thy watchful eye attend,  
 Who shall thy blithesome scenes defend ?  
 Let not thy generous hand refuse  
 This second offering of my muse ;  
 But still thy friendship let me boast,  
 Or——I am in oblivion lost !  
 As PHOEBUS, thy great system's soul,  
 Lights up the orbs that round him roll ;  
 Let me, though at such distance plac'd,  
 With thy extended ray be blest !  
 My whole ambition is to shine  
 By one reflected beam from thine.

J. WOODHOUSE.

At the Close of June,  
 1759.

T O

T O

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

On his INDISPOSITION in the SPRING, 1762.

**Y**E flow'ry plains, ye sloping woods,  
Ye bow'rs, and gay alcoves,  
Ye falling streams, ye silver floods,  
Ye grottos, and ye groves !

Alas ! my heart feels no delight,  
'Tho' I your charms survey,  
While HE consumes in pain the night,  
In languor all the day.

D

The



The flowers disclose a thousand blossoms,

A thousand fronts diffuse a soft perfume

Yet all in vain they shed perfumes,

In vain display their hues.

Restrain, ye flow'rs, your thoughtless pride,

Recline your gaudy heads;

And, sadly drooping side by side,

Embrace your humid beds.

Tall oaks, that o'er the woodland shade

Your tow'ring summits rear,

Ah! why, in wonted charms array'd,

Appear your leaves so fair?

But lo! the flow'rs as gaily smile,

As wanton waves the tree;

And, though I sadly plain the while,

Yet they regard not me.

Oh ! should the Fates an arrow send,  
 And strike the deadly wound ;  
 Who, who shall then your sweets defend,  
 Who fence your beauties round ?

But hark ! perhaps the plummy throng  
 Have learnt my plaintive tale ;  
 And some sad dirge, or mournful song,  
 Comes floating down the dale.

Ah no ! they chaunt a sprightly strain,  
 To soothe an am'rous mate ;  
 Regardless of my anxious pain,  
 Or his uncertain fate.

But see, these little murmur'ing rills,  
 With fond repinings rove ;  
 And trickle, wailing, down the hills,  
 Or weep along the grove.

Forbid not, if, beside your stream,

You hear me too repine,

Or aid with sighs your mournful theme,

Or proudly call him, mine.

Ye envious winds, the cause display

In whispers, as ye blow;

Why did your treach'rous gales convey

The poison'd shafts of woe?

Did he not plaint the shady bow'r,

Where you so blithely meet?

The scented shrub, and fragrant flow'r,

To make your breezes sweet?

\* The influenza, in the spring 1762, supposed owing to a vicious atmosphere,

And

And must he leave the wood, the field, the fold

This dear Arcadian reign?

Can neither verse nor virtue shield

The Patron of the plain?

Must he his tuneful breath resign,

Whom all the Muses love?

Who round his brow their laurels twine,

And all his songs approve.

Say, thou that tun'st his warbling lyre,

Say, ruthless Phœbus, why

Through the parch'd air, this latent fire,

These deadly vapours fly?

Avaunt—ye gods of Pagan days!

Chimeras of the brain!

Avaunt——ye false unmeaning lays;

Like those vain idols, vain!

Preserve him, mild omnipotence !  
 Our Father, King, and God !  
 Who clears the paths of life and sense,  
 Or stops them with a Nod !

Who bids the sun, replete with death,  
 Roll baneful through the skies !  
 Or winds, with pestilential breath,  
 From putrid climes arise !

Blest pow'r ! who calm'st the raging deep,  
 His valu'd health restore !  
 Nor let the fons of genius weep ;  
 Nor let the good deplore.

But, if thy boundless wisdom knows  
 His longer date an ill ;  
 Let not my soul a wish disclose  
 To contradict thy will.

For happy needs must be the change  
 To such a godlike mind ;  
 To go where kindred spirits range,  
 Nor leave a wish behind.

And though his earthly scite be grac'd  
 With pleasures all must love ;  
 Yet he that form'd it best can taste  
 Seraphic joys above.

J. Woodhouse.  
 ROWLEY,  
 June 1762.

BENEVO-

---

# BENEVOLENCE,

## AN ODE.

Inscribed to my FRIENDS.\*

**L**ET others boast Palladian skill,  
The sculptur'd dome to raise ;  
To scoop the vale, to swell the hill,  
Or lead the smooth meand'ring rill  
In ever-varying maze ;  
To strike the lyre  
With Homer's fire,

---

\* His two first elegies being seen by some gentlemen and ladies in London in manuscript, they made a small subscription for him ; and these were the friends he speaks of.

Or

~~Or Sappho's tender art ;~~

Or Handel's notes with sweeter strains inspire,

O'er Phidia's chisel to preside,

Or Titian's glowing pencil guide

Through ev'ry living part,

Ah ! what avails it thus to shine,

By ev'ry art refined ;

Except BENEVOLENCE combine

To humanize the mind !

The Parian floor,

Or vivid cieling, fresco'd o'er,

With glaring charms the gazing eye may fire ;

Yet may their lords, like statues cold,

Devoid of sympathy, behold

~~Fair worth with want repine,~~

~~Or indigence expire ;~~

Nor ever know the noblest use of gold.

E

'Tis



'Tis yours, with sympathetic breast  
 To stop the rising sigh,  
 And wipe the tearful eye,  
 Nor let repining merit sue unblest :  
 This is a more applausive taste  
 Than spending wealth  
 In gorgeous waste,  
 Or with dire luxury destroying health ;  
 It sweetens life with ev'ry virtuous joy,  
 And wings the conscious hours with gladness as  
 they fly,

---

# S P R I N G.

**T**HE sun's returning genial fires  
With flow'rets paints the dale ;  
With joy the herd and flock inspires,  
With music fills the gale.

Yet he renews his warmth in vain,  
With flow'rets scents the ground ;  
The lamkins gambol o'er the plain,  
And songsters chant around.

To me, in vain does nature smile,  
In vain her charms display ;

Whilst

Whilst I, with never-ending toil,  
 Consume the lengthen'd day.

Time was I've trod the velvet green,  
 That rob'd the quick'ning earth,  
 And ey'd the universal scene,  
 And mark'd each flow'ret's birth.

Mark'd where the snow-drop's silver crest  
 Shot forth his daring head,  
 And where the violet's sapphire vest  
 Its fragrant incense shed.

Not with unawful, thankless gaze  
 Survey'd fair nature's face,  
 The tow'ring heights, the solar blaze,  
 The vast ætherial space.

(For

(For who that views this wond'rous frame,  
 Replete with beauty shine,  
 But must with ecstasy proclaim  
 The plastic power divine ?)

Oft, in the deep sequester'd shade,  
 From care and business free,  
 Have sought the muses sprightly aid,  
 And sung to liberty.

Oft, with my Daphne in my arms,  
 The hours in transports flew,  
 Comparing her attractive charms  
 With all fair nature drew.

Oft, by some fountain laid along,  
 Dissolv'd in downy ease,

With

With raptures heard the woodland song,

And breath'd the scented breeze.

Oft, stretch'd beneath the mountain's brow,

Secur'd from mid-day gleams,

Have pass'd the hours, unheeding how,

In soft, romantic dreams.

And oft, with sweet Benevolence,

That heaven-descended fair !

Have sacrific'd the sweets of sense,

Sublimar joys to share.

Oft forc'd the thickest thorny shade ;

Oft climb'd the shaggy hill,

Explor'd each rust, each mossy glade,

And trac'd the mazy rill ;

With

With care to cult each healing plant,

To hoard the balmy store,

That where or dire disease, or want,

Invade the friendless poor ;

There to dispense their cheering aids

Through each distressful cot,

Where feeble swains, or pallid maids,

Bemoan'd their dreary lot.

But, ah ! the herbs, the flowers, I seek

With curious eye, no more ;

No more they flush the haggard cheek,

Or blooming health restore :

Loft now their use, their healing art,

Now where they bloom they die ;

No

No healthful tincture they impart,

No cordial draught supply,

For now domestick cares employ,

And busy ev'ry sense,

Nor leave one hour of grief or joy,

But's furnish'd out from thence ;

Save what my little babes afford,

Whom I behold with glee,

When smiling at my humble board,

Or prattling on my knee.

Not that my Daphne's charms are flown,

These still new pleasures bring ;

'Tis these inspire content alone,

'Tis all I've left of Spring.

The

The dew-drop sparkling in her eyes,

The lily on her breast,

The rose-bud on her lip supplies

My rich, my sweet repast,

Her hair outshines the saffron morn ;

To her harmonious note,

The thrush sits list'ning on the thorn,

And checks his swelling throat;

Nor wish I, dear connubial state,

To break thy filken bands ;

I only blame relentless fate,

That ev'ry hour demands,

Nor mourn I much my task austere,

Which endless wants impose !

F

But



But—oh ! it wounds my soul to hear

My Daphne's melting woes !

For oft she sighs, and oft she weeps,

And hangs her pensive head ;

While blood her furrow'd finger steeps,

And stains the passing thread.

When orient hills the sun behold,

Our labour's long begun ;

And when he streaks the west with gold,

The task is still undone.

How happy is each bird and beast,

Who find their food unfought,

Whom nature feeds with constant feast,

Without one anxious thought.

The

The beasts in freedom range the fields,

Nor care, nor sorrow, know ;

Their meat, the tender herbage yields,

The springs, their drink bestow.

Each hour the birds, with sprightly voice,

In rival songs contend ;

Or o'er their bounteous meals rejoice,

Or in fond dalliance spend.

But foresight warns me not to taste

The bliss which heav'n design'd ;

But joyless all my nights to waste,

To shun more woes behind.

Oh ! why within this tortur'd heart,

Must keen reflection dwell ?

To

To double ev'ry present smart,

And future pains foretel ;

But, oh my soul ! no longer blame

That lot which Heav'n decreed ;

Nor thus, with petulance, disclaim

The patient christian's meed.

But rather, with true filial fear,

Adore the present God ;

And his paternal stripes revere,

And kiss his healing rod.

No more his pow'r shall be withstood,

No more oppos'd his will ;

Nor let what wisdom meant for good,

My folly construe ill.

Who

Who knows but liberty and wealth  
 Might work a woeful change ;  
 Excess and ease impair my health,  
 Or virtuous thoughts estrange ?

What I dislike, God gives in love,  
 In love my suit denies ;  
 Or oft my wish my bane might prove,  
 My bliss what I despise.

Then let not my presumptuous mind  
 Oppose his love or might ;  
 For well has moral POPE defin'd,  
 " Whatever is, is right."

Though now with penury oppress'd,  
 I give my sorrows vent,

He

He soon may calm my troubled breast,  
 Or sooth my discontent.

Come, Reason, then, bid murr'ring cease,  
 And intellectual strife !

Come, smiling Hope, and dove-ey'd Peace,  
 And still the storms of life.

My little skiff, kind Pilots ! flee

Adown the stream of time ;  
 And teach me, melancholic fear,  
 And dark distrust's a crime.

For has not truth's unerring Sire,

Who all our wants must know,  
 Proclaim'd, what nature can require,  
 His bounty shall bestow ?

He

He feeds the birds that wing their flight

Along the passive air ;

And lilies bloom in glossy white

Beneath his soft'ring care.

Nor accident, nor fate, recalls

The life that He has lent ;

For not a fingle sparrow falls

Without his full assent.

Shou'd Poverty's oppressive train,

Still haunt my lowly cell,

Yet Faith shall smile away my pain,

And all their threat'nings quell.

For when through Ether's boundless space,

This orb terrene has run

A

A few more times his annual race,

Wide circling round the sun;

Or, haply, ere the day be past,

And evening's shades descend,

My weary'd heart may pant its last,

And all my sorrows end :

Then shall the disembodied soul

Refrain her dark domain,

And range where countless systems roll,

And springs eternal reign.

Yet not in solitude to soar ;

But, with a kindred band,

The pow'r and wisdom to explore

Of her Creator's hand.

Or

Or, with her tuneful pow'rs complete,

To chaunt the bliss above ;

Or, in ecstatic notes, repeat

Her dear Redeemer's love !

G THE



THE

THE

# LESSOWES.

A POEM.

ONCE more, O SHENSTONE! my adventurous  
muse

Attempts to sing; nor thou the song refuse.

No child of fancy, no poetic dream,

But thy Arcadia is her pleasing theme;

A theme which oft has wak'd her rustic lyre,

Has warm'd her breast with more than vulgar fire;

Yet has she only sung thy fair domains,

These first inspir'd her rude, unpractis'd strains.

As

As the young bird, that hops from spray to spray,  
 Unskill'd as yet to swell its rural lay,  
 The little flights she took betray'd her fear,  
 Nor dar'd she trust the pathless fields of air ;  
 'Till, gath'ring strength, a longer flight she tries,  
 And all thy Paradise, with wonder, eyes.  
 Yet, doubtful still, she spreads her tender wing,  
 Despairing, with her heedless notes, to sing  
 The various-pleasing scenes that round her throng,  
 Foiling the pencil and the pow'r of song.  
 But why despair ? On SHENSTONE's love rely,  
 He marks thy faults with smiling candor's eye ;  
 Will with his judgment's subtle fires refine,  
 Smooth ev'ry rough, and nerve each lab'ring line.  
 Fir'd with the charming hope thy task pursue,  
 Do thou, like him who Beauty's Goddess drew,  
 Sketch the rude outlines of these fairy bow'rs,  
 The trees, the buildings, landscapes, fountains,  
 flow'rs ;

But, aw'd with charms where all attempts must  
fail,

Over their matchless beauties throw a veil.

First, o'er a flow'ry lawn my muse descends,  
Where nodding cowslips o'er the herbage bend ;  
Or now, enwrapp'd in solemn shades, beside  
The fringed margin of a smiling tide,  
Where headlong woods inverted seem to rise,  
Their branches stretch'd to meet the nether skies :  
See, in the grove's extremest southern bound,  
A gloomy grotto sunk in shades profound,  
In fallen state, with roots and moss inwrought,  
Dispensing awe, the nurse of sober thought.

As, void of charms the mine salutes the eye,  
Yet in its womb rich sparkling diamonds lie ;

For these rude roofs far brighter gems unfold,  
 That ought to shine emboss'd with burnish'd gold;  
 For, in this grot, may ev'ry eye discern  
 Those sacred truths which ev'ry heart should learn;  
 The truth's in SHENSTONE's moral heart pourtray'd,  
 And copy'd by his muse beneath this shade.

HENCE, o'er the oft-resounding road I roam,  
 That leads to SHENSTONE's hospitable dome;  
 There first the eye the sylvan reign surveys,  
 Where murm'ring streams, and warbling wood-  
 lands, please.

Now seated in a flower-enamel'd vale\*,  
 Where fanning Aufter breathes a fresh'ning gale,

---

\* The valley leading to the priory.

And

And sighs through wisp'ring leaves, and sips the  
springs,

To ease his panting breath, and cool his sun-burnt  
wings ;

With sudden sound, deep-gurgling murmurs rise,  
Their source unseen, to strike with more surprize ;  
Till gushing floods their darksome prison loose,  
Eject their treasure through the op'ning sluice ;  
And o'er the ragged rocks, with spangling bound,  
Scatter the ten fold torrent all around.

FROM hence the riv'let undisturbed strays,  
And under bending boughs of alder plays ;  
Where speckled osiers rise in painted ranks,  
And pine, and chesnut, shade the upper banks.

AND

AND now, behold ! a lovely landscape nigh\*,  
 Whose complicated beauties charm the eye ;  
 Where rising hills are deck'd with ev'ry grace,  
 And spacious pools supply the middle space,  
 There a tall spire its lofty summit rears,  
 Proud to be seen, in various views appears.

Now, where the plane expands its ample leaves,  
 And mingling sprays the almond willow weaves ;  
 The grot † and stream, with branchy trees o'er-  
 hung,

And GREY's illustrious name, demand the song.  
 Nor sparkling fossil here, nor pearly shell,  
 Nor slabs of marble ornament the cell ;

---

\* Looking from below the priory to Hales-Owen.

† Inscribed to Lord Stamford.

But

But rugged roots, uncouth, in rustic rows,  
 With tufted moss, the edifice compose,  
 Yet who this humble grot contemptuous scorns,  
 While STAMFORD'S name the striking scene adorns?  
 Or this fair fountain, which, from secret source,  
 Through distant groves begins its shining course?  
 For o'er the rocks, through oaks and hazels tall,  
 Like sheets of liquid silver see it fall;  
 And now a moment from the eye conceal'd;  
 And now again in curling waves reveal'd;  
 Again it's hid, again it freely shoots  
 O'er craggy stones, and intersecting roots;  
 Now from another eminence it starts;  
 Now o'er another, and another, darts;  
 Till, stretch'd in one continuous cascade,  
 It foams, and glimmers, down the pleasing shade.  
 The skipping nymphs in blithsome mood advance;  
 And Naiads in conjunction frisk the dance;

While

While, to the trilling streams, the Dryad band,  
With Fauns, and Satyrs, gambol o'er the strand.

Oh Thou, the lord of Enville's noble seat,  
Where all is beauty, elegantly great ;  
The patron of those temples, streams and groves,  
Which, fix'd with wonder, ev'ry taste approves ;  
Disdain not this applauded grot and spring,  
That might adorn the walks of Britain's king.

HENCE, wand'ring on, with joy-dilated heart,  
See! through the trees a well-wrought statue start\*,  
His finish'd muscles all replete with life !  
With shrill and warbling notes he swells his life ;

---

\* A piping Faunus, seen from the lower end of the valley near a Dower, inscribed to Mr. Dodley.



For fancy's ear can trace th' unreal sound,  
And hear from hill's aerial tones rebound,

A MOMENT here, my muse, thy steps retard,  
Nor pass unnotic'd by the gen'rous bard ;  
Who, free from fordid views of future pelf,  
With rich donations crown'd my scanty self ;  
Replenish'd now with many a bounteous tome,  
Prime decoration of my rustic dome !  
Nor wilt thou, DODSLEY, with unfeeling pride,  
These genuine strains of gratitude deride ;  
Although thy name may boast so bright a dower,  
Th' adopted guardian of this beauteous bow'r.

For native genius fires thy glowing mind,  
And ev'ry muse and ev'ry virtue join'd ;  
With jealous warmth conspiring, all contest  
The happy empire of thy noble breast :

And

And fortune o'er thy labours deigns to smile,  
 With bounty crowning all thy care and toil.

WHERE yonder hazel-twigs their foliage spread,  
 Fit dormitory for poetic dead!  
 Upon that argent urn appears enroll'd,  
 With splendid epitaph, in types of gold,  
 The name of SOMERVILLE; whose winged muse,  
 With panting speed, the bounding stag pursues.

BUT not an uninformative tale alone  
 Could ever gain that monumental stone;  
 For merit only SHENSTONE's friendship gains;  
 His voice applauds no weak immoral strains;  
 Unmeaning folly tho' he scarcely blames,  
 Ingenious vice his shudd'ring soul disclaims.  
 These honours by judicious SHENSTONE paid,  
 To valued SOMERVILLE's delighted shade,  
 Proclaim

Proclaim his title to th' immortal bays,  
Though I ne'er saw his much applauded lays.

For fortune wreaks on me her utmost spight,  
And seeks to rob me of that true delight,  
Which I in constant quest of knowledge find,  
The sweet reviver of a pensive mind.

But not alike are fortune's favourites found ;  
For he who plann'd this fair Hesperian round,  
Griev'd that one spark of genius should expire,  
With pleasure strung my weak, discordant lyre ;  
Nor deafly heard me learning's want repine,  
But, from his copious literary mine,  
To ease my mourning muse's discontent,  
Full many a glowing volume frankly lent ;  
Nor spurn'd me, scornful, from his social board,  
With frugal bounty hospitably stor'd ;

Where

Where oft my soul in reverie has hung  
 On the smooth accents of his tuneful tongue ;  
 While bright'ning fancy, borne on wing sublime,  
 By judgment guided, rapidly would climb  
 The heights of truth, with arguments refin'd,  
 To purest sense a happy diction join'd :  
 Oft have I felt their intellectual force,  
 And quaff'd the streams of genius at their source ;  
 Ah ! while these filken-pinion'd moments flew,  
 I, then, nor freedom's want, nor fortune's, knew.

Now, where a copse of crowding oaks aspire,  
 The loit'ring muse's tardy steps retire :  
 Attaining now the grove's ascending verge,  
 Where op'ning fields invite her to emerge ;  
 'Till, on the seat contiguous stretch'd at ease,  
 She all the scene\* with raptur'd eye surveys.

---

\* A view of the priory, and an urn to Mr. SHENSTONE's brother.

BEFORE the view appears another urn,  
 Suggesting truths vain man is loth to learn ;  
 In silent precepts to each sober sense,  
 With more than Ciceronian eloquence,  
 The tacit monitor, with dumb address,  
 Proclaims what ev'ry mortal must confess ;  
 That ruthless death dissolves each tender tie,  
 That dearest brothers — dearest friends, must die :  
 For weeping numbers there commemorate  
 A brother's sorrow for a brother's fate,

THE muse, obsequious, turns to take the view,  
 Where op'ning woodlands form an avenue ;  
 Whose charms peculiar, cross a verdant mead,  
 The curious eye with soft enticements lead,  
 To view a priory of Gothic mien,  
 Where antique graces solemnize the scene,

Scene

Scenes well adapted to a gloomy sect,  
 Who nature's laws would rigidly correct ;  
 As if a life recluse, inglorious ease,  
 A God who form'd us sociable, could please :  
 From lawless pleasures let but man refrain,  
 He dooms no one to misery and pain.

MISTAKEN mortals ! can Almighty love,  
 Laws, which its goodness ne'er impos'd, approve ?  
 Did he vouchsafe man's appetites in vain ?  
 Or, what's far worse, the certain cause of pain ?  
 Man seldom errs when nature is his guide,  
 But oftentimes through ignorance and pride.  
 While we behold the earth with food replete,  
 And God pronounces, " Ye may freely eat :"  
 Will the permission follow'd give offence ?  
 Or is he better pleas'd with abstinence ?

Shall

Shall we with hunger obstinately pine,  
In hopes to please beneficence divine?

Did He not give the breast its warm desires,  
And objects fair to fan those am'rous fires?  
When Eve rose perfect from his plastic hand,  
"Increase and multiply" was his command:  
Yet not, like brutes, without restraint to range  
Through all the species, ever prone to change.  
Omniscient wisdom, when this appetite  
Was plac'd in man to minister delight,  
Implanted love's fix'd bound'ry in the soul,  
Its vagrant inclinations to controul.

NOR were man's various senses e'er design'd  
To rust in endless solitude confin'd:  
Must he from harmless sweets of sense refrain,  
And what was meant for pleasure turn to pain?

And

And must the longing palate seldom eat  
 Diminutive repasts of coarsest meat ?  
 Then were the apple's flavor void of use,  
 The plum, and turgid grape's nectareous juice.  
 And must the baffled nostrils only smell  
 The musty vapours of a cobweb'd cell ?  
 These flowrets, then, were scatter'd here in vain,  
 In vain the odours of the thymy plain.

AGAIN returns my unambitious muse,  
 With rapture sweet her wonted theme pursues ;  
 \* Now stops a while beneath the shepherd's bush,  
 Where, softer than the sprightly-warbling thrush,  
 Or lark exalted on her matin wing,  
 Or mingled chorus of the vocal spring,

---

\* Vid. DODSLEY's Misc. vol. v. p. 13.



My SHENSTONE tunes his soft symphonious lyre,  
 While moral virtues all his mind inspire,  
 And innocence, descendant of the sky,  
 Displays her beauties to his mental eye.

Ye gaudy sons of false perverted taste,  
 Whose giddy moments fly in joyless waste,  
 Leave your light gewgaws and the thoughtless  
 throng,  
 And mark his simple sentimental song;  
 Attend his soothing, his impassion'd lay,  
 And hear each vain solicitude away.

COULD ORPHEUS' numbers tame each barbarous  
 brute,  
 Or old Amphion strike his magic lute,  
 Till senseless stones obey'd the pow'ful call,  
 And in strict order form'd the Theban wall

Shall

Shall then my SHENSTONE's more bewitching strain

Attempt the cause of innocence in vain?

No! his instructive numbers must impart

A tender impulse to each tutor'd heart;

Nay, every rustic bosom, even mine,

Feels all their rapt'ring energy divine;

For every bold enthusiastic flight,

With natural ease and harmony unite;

And gentle art, conjoin'd with utmost skill,

Attune the passions, captivate the will;

Till all the thoughts in thrilling measure move,

And all the soul's sublim'd to innocence and love,

Oh, innocence! thou lovely meek-ey'd maid,

Who haunt'st this peaceful, this sequest'rd shade;

Thou fairest nymph! in virtue's, SHENSTONE's,

train,

Oh! fly not me, a poor plebeian swain,

While

While underneath this willow's waving bough,  
 Before thy shrine I breathe my fervent vow;  
 Tho' abject poverty's thy votary's lot,  
 Yet oft thou deign'st to glad the lowliest cot.  
 Then, oh! attend me, to my rural cell,  
 And with thy supplicant vouchsafe to dwell;  
 Thy mild associate too, contentment, bring,  
 And raise my lowly lot above a king;  
 For ye can more than wealth and honours give,  
 And make me happy, if I die, or live.

While elevated with the cordial hope,  
 My placid muse ascends the winding slope,  
 Where dark-green firs the upper part inclose,  
 And, rang'd in form, an octagon compose;  
 And a fair feat within the central space,  
 Of correspondent shape, adorns the place;

Whence

Whence the eye wanders over boundless founts  
 Of dusky woodlands, and extensive plains,  
 Beyond the east Sabrina's rolling tides,  
 Where the huge Clee<sup>\*</sup> distend their rugged fides,  
 Approaching near old craggy Cambria's bound,  
 With frequent fogs and misty meteors crown'd.

THERE, like Olympus, see the Wrekin<sup>†</sup> rise,  
 Whose brow stupendous meets the bending skies;  
 And, wrapt in azure mantle, proudly stands,  
 A mighty gnomon o'er Salopian lands!

SEE yonder, more distinct, before your eyes  
 The lovely scite of ENVILLE'S villa rise,

\* High hills in Shropshire.

† Another hill in Shropshire.

Where,

Where, interspers'd with lawns of living green,  
 Its waving woods and bright alcoves are seen;  
 Embosom'd in whose shades the waters sleep,  
 Or toss their tides o'er many a stony steep.

WHILE near my feet, by tasteful SHENSTONE led,  
 A limpid lake dissects the verdant mead  
 With scollop'd sides, that now with peaceful breast  
 Receives the image of the skies imprest;  
 While silver-fringed vapours glide below,  
 And mimic funs in nether regions glow;  
 Now breathes a ruffling zephyr o'er the glades,  
 And ev'ry fair celestial object fades;  
 But soon again subsides the tranquil stream,  
 And o'er its bosom brighter glories gleam,

SUCH is the state of virtue's votaries here;  
 Now, undisturb'd by accident or fear,

They

They dash each blest idea from above,  
 Whole reflex rays beneficence and love,  
 Bear back on man, to sooth each pungent smart,  
 Or warmth transfuse thro' each congenial heart:  
 And now, by passion's or misfortune's blast,  
 They see her lovely image quite effac'd ;  
 But soon a calm returns, and all's serene,  
 And she resumes her gladsome smiles again.  
 Virtue can each rough incident controul,  
 And lay the ruffled passions of the soul ;  
 Mild cheerfulness diffusing o'er the face,  
 Love, through the heart, for all the human race.  
 So SHENSTONE feels the heav'n-descended dame  
 Breathe through his soul her animating flame ;  
 Inspiring ev'ry intellectual sense,  
 In the fair form of sweet Benevolence.

For

For here, behold this antiquated form;  
 The secret impulse of his soul declare;  
 But these dull types can never half impart  
 The strong expressions of his noble heart;  
 For his large breast not only comprehends  
 His fond acquaintance, or his fonder friends;  
 Nor, with affection's more unbounded plan,  
 Grasping alone the kindred race of man;  
 Since not a beast that loves the genial spring,  
 And not a bird that mounts on plummy wing,  
 Insect, or reptile, but a share may find  
 Of fellow-feeling from his tender mind.

Happy the man whose will is thus subdued  
 Within the bounds of moral rectitude;  
 Whose bosom never burns with envious fires,  
 Nor, fraught with spleen, a brother's ill desires;

Whole

Whose undisguised heart sincerely greets,  
 With honest welcome, ev'ry man he meets ;  
 Though he salute not all with equal glee,  
 Yet all pr share his love, or charity.  
 Just farther on, a copse of alder shoots \*,  
 With tap'ring stems, from intertwining roots ;  
 Which, crawling, naked on the surface grow,  
 That once conceal'd their shapeless limbs below ;  
 'Till undermining springs, with treach'rous toil,  
 Loosen'd, with horrid rage, the upper soil,  
 While Gnomes and Dryads, with a piteous tale,  
 Bemoan'd it floating down the distant dale.

UPON a terrace green, a fair alcove  
 Appears, beside the margin of the grove,

---

\* A small distance from Halfpeny-hill.



In Gothic form ; beneath an oaken shade,  
A prospect yielding o'er a verdant glade.

In idiom obsolete, and types of yore †,  
Beneath the roof, in soft persuasive lore,  
In wonted strains, mellifluent SHENSTONE sings  
His love of innocence, and lawns, and springs ;  
While, in sweet ecchoes to his warbling voice,  
The nodding woods and smiling hills rejoice ;  
And taunt in silence the bewild'ring sports,  
Of bustling cities and delusive courts.  
See o'er yon plain, with barren heath o'erspread,  
Yielding nor flow'r, nor fruit, nor friendly shade,  
(Emblems of immorality and vice)  
By DUDLEY's care, a sacred Temple rise \* ;

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† Vid. DODSEY's Misc. vol. iv. p. 347.

\* A chapel, building on an eminence just beyond Dudley-wood, by subscription, under the patronage of Lord DUDLEY WARD, who is the chief contributor.

Heav'n grant the Word there sown increase may  
yield,

And turn the Desert to a fruitful Field !

LET abject minds, with vain self-glory fill'd,  
The huge rotund, or stately column, build ;  
'Tis thine, great DUDLEY WARD ! with noble flame,  
To rear the dome to thy Creator's name ;  
Not aim'd alone to catch the gazing sight,  
But to illumine the mind with heav'nly light.

EXCURSIVE now, the muse directs her way  
Where purling rills with prattling pastime play ;  
And, roving underneath an alder shade,  
In louder murmurs fall a clear cascade ;  
Then, sunk beneath the flow'ry surface, roam,  
In secret channel, down to SHENSTONE's dome ;

Where

Where, spouting pure thro' many a brazen sluice,  
 Dispense their streams for culinary use; no, don't  
 Or, when Sol rages with the canine star, bid W  
 Their cooling waves refresh the sickly aid, ye  
 Or fall in tuneful measure soft and clear,  
 And lull with liquid lapse the list'ning ear;  
 Or else dilute their owner's generous wines;  
 Or yield a tepid draught whene'er he dines;  
 Ye loathsome reptiles, which the waters haunt,  
 From these pure riv'lets, gliding snakes, avaunt;  
 Shew not your sable, forked, quiv'ring tongue,  
 Nor, hissing, draw your crooked length along;  
 Approach not here your burning thirst to slake,  
 But fly, remote, to some sequester'd lake;  
 And ye that croak in swol'n, unfightly shape,  
 With noxious newts, a filthy race, escape;  
 Stretch not your frightful limbs upon these brinks,  
 Nor dare to foul the streams which SHENSTONE  
 drinks;

Or, if they dare approach, ye Naiads, turn,  
 Each, on their ugly backs a brimful urn ;  
 While dash'd precipitate on distant strands,  
 They breathless sprawl beneath your vengeful  
 hands.

Ye healing fossils, and restringent ores,  
 Blend with these lucid tides your strengthening  
 fibres ;

In one continu'd stratum form their bed,  
 And through each wave your cordial atoms spread.

Fair flow'rs that on the painted margin bloom,  
 From halesome Zephyrs pilfer each perfume ;  
 Then all your sweet collected spoils dispense,  
 Through ev'ry drop a balmy quintessence ;  
 And thus, with health suffus'd, each pain assuage,  
 'Till SHENSTONE reach the date of Nestor's age.

By

By a tall fence, where eglantines are found,  
 And alders rise, with honey-suckles bound ;  
 So fend their tendrils round their bridegrooms  
     twin'd,  
 They press their substance through the yielding  
     rind,  
 Whose hanging heads a thousand blossoms bend,  
 That, to each breeze, a thousand odours lend :  
 The muse retires ; and now her footsteps reach  
 The spreading branches of a lofty beech ;  
 Through matted grass, its sturdy trunk beside,  
 In channel deep, slow-moving waters glide ;  
 Across whose banks a boarded bridge is laid,  
 And motto'd feat, that woos her to the shade.  
 'Tis HORACE sings beneath this lovely tree ;  
 He sings ; but, ah ! in barb'rous lays to me ;  
 But, though in silence these dumb strains appear,  
 Yet I in other notes the numbers hear ;

For

For SHENSTONE touch'd them with his magic hand,  
And made them speak, and made me understand.

OH, happy HORACE ! happy in thy muse !  
And, happier still, the Gods did not refuse  
Thy potent prayer ! All would like thee complain,  
Could all, like thee, their favour'd wish obtain.

No longer, then, I'd pine a landless boor,  
Nor trudge, thro' floughs, around a rented door,  
In russet garb, whose ragged rent-holes grin,  
And ill conceal the skeleton within :  
Nor heavy hours in listless labour waste ;  
Nor pall, with viands coarse, my blunted taste ;  
Nor ken unornamented murkey walls ;  
Nor join the chorus of domestic brawls ;  
Nor lend an ear to leaden senseless chat,  
Or the shrill clamours of each squalling brat :

Not

Nor with I sceptre, diadem, and throne,  
 But, HORACE-like, a vill and farm my own;  
 To range among my lawns, my streams, my trees,  
 Such as he wish'd ; or, rather, such as these ;  
 Or, in deep meditation stretch'd along,  
 I'd court the muses with a sylvan song ;  
 Or hear, in beamy morn, the sprightly airs  
 Of blushing milkmaid, as she brisk repairs,  
 In snow-white pail to press the juicy teat ;  
 Or oxen low ; or frisky lambkins bleat ;  
 Or hear, when ev'ning o'er the mountain gleams,  
 The faunt'ring plough-boys whistle home their  
     teams ?  
 Or mellow blackbird sing departing day,  
 Or flitting woodlark trill the light away.

NOR should my table smoke with dainty meats,  
 But clean and wholesome be my chearful treats ;

With

With faithful friends encircled, there I'd sit,  
 To ~~join~~ with taste, the works of art and wit.  
 Would bounteous heav'n my whole petition give,  
 Like thee, O SHENSTONE ! would I wish to live.

BUT since our wishes ease not present smart,  
 But sink misfortunes deeper in the heart ;  
 Nor can my warmest hopes my mind beguile,  
 To fancy here an end of care and toil ;  
 I'll live resign'd to my depressed fate,  
 And wing my wishes to a future state.

FROM hence I pass, where, rising from the sod,  
 The shining tussock's yellow blossoms nod :  
 And now a lofty hazel hedge-row trace,  
 At whose extreme a pond's resplendent face  
 Surrounds within the central part an isle,  
 On whose round summit golden fallows smile ;

L

Where,



Where, brooding in the midst, on downy nest,  
 The stately gander rears his crimson crest;  
 Or round, and round, encircling all the stream,  
 With warlike mien, and many a whooting scream,  
 A faithful centinel ! he threat'ning swims,  
 To combat danger from the neighbouring brims;  
 Nor once abandons the defenceless brood,  
 To perish thro' neglect, or want of food.

BUT men, more ruthless than the feather'd fowls,  
 Or savage beast, that thro' the desert howls,  
 From want of care, or industry, resign  
 Their tender mates, or let their offspring pine;  
 Regardless of a wife's convulsive throes,  
 Or lisping infant's supplicating woes.

THERE, at a distance, stranded on the shore,  
 Its edge with argent flourish chequer'd o'er,

A

A pleasure boat distains the redd'ning tides,  
 With bright reflexions from its sanguine sides ;  
 While on its head a pictur'd halcyon stands,  
 In glossy plumage, o'er the sedge-wove strands.

BESIDE the lake, a clump of trees extend  
 Their length'ning arms, and o'er the waters bend,  
 A mighty shade, of oak and beech compos'd,  
 While in the midst a regal tree inclos'd,  
 With pride supports the honour'd name of SPENCE,  
 Bright fun of learning, candour, wit, and sense !  
 Who, tho' he bears the critic's awful name,  
 Vouchsafes to all their rightful share of fame ;  
 Tho' pride or dulness ne'er obtain his praise,  
 He deigns to smile on meritorious lays ;  
 And Crispin's numbers are to him as dear  
 As equal merit in a prince, or peer,

His

His gentle mind can relish more delight  
 In placing beauties in the fairest light,  
 Than painting blemishes in odious hue,  
 Distinctly glaring in dark envy's view.

Now, thro' fair walks, and shades inscrib'd to love,  
 Led by the muse, my lagging footsteps move ;  
 Where arching sprays their softest umbrage shed,  
 And flow'rs and grass a painted carpet spread ;  
 And riv'lets, murm'ring down the winding glade,  
 In little cat'racts harmonize the shade ;  
 Where, underneath a beech's fair retreat,  
 To lover's dear an assignation seat,  
 Involv'd in lonely shades appears obscure,  
 Where am'rous shepherds, free from thoughts  
     impure,  
 Swell with their tender vows the fleeting wind,  
 Or print them, sighing, on the polish'd rind ;

Or

Or, with their boxen pipes, at ev'ning hour,  
 Invite their nymphs to this sequester'd bow'r ;  
 Or, side by side, each faithful tongue imparts  
 The simple dictates of their guileless hearts.

O ye, whose bosoms burn with lawless fire,  
 Hence, from these consecrated groves retire ;  
 Your talk obscene let other shades attend,  
 Not here your time in wanton dalliance spend :  
 May certain vengeance wait that wayward swain,  
 Who, impious, dares these hallow'd haunts profane !

See dogwood spread its milk-white umbells there,  
 And spiring frutex conic blossoms bear ;  
 While here, with lighter tints, the trees among,  
 Laburnums shine, with golden tresses hung,  
 That proudly flaunt upon the dangling spray,  
 As round their blooms the am'rous breezes play ;

For

For blandly here the lipping zephyrs rove,  
 But leave their ruder blasts behind the grove;  
 And, like fond fearful lovers, trembling  
 The breathing fragrance of each honey'd lip.

A WHILE the charming beauties please the eye,  
 But soon, too soon, the charming beauties die.  
 Such, such was fair MARIA! Nymphs behold  
 This glittering urn\*, bespread with leafy gold;  
 Nor only gaze, but lend a list'ning ear,  
 And drop beside her urn one forrowing tear.  
 Who can refrain? while plaintive mottoes tell,  
 MARIA'S gone, and SHENSTONE sighs—farewell!  
 And, wailing by, the sympathizing stream  
 In mournful murmurs echoes to the theme.

---

\* In the lovers walk.

Ah,

" Ah ! beauty's frail ! " MARIA'S ashes say,

Attend their speech, ye nymphs, that pass this  
way,

" Tho' fresher now than daisies in the dale,

" To-morrow ye may droop as lilies pale ;

" Tho' sweeter now than show'ry spring your  
breath,

" This evening it may feel the taint of death :

" Tho' brighter now your eye than dew-drop  
glows,

" This hour that eye eternally may close ;

" Tho' all your lovely frame with beauty shine,

" It soon must moulder in the tomb, like mine ;

" And if the fates delay the final wound,

" Time strews the head with hoary locks around,

" And dims the eye, and wrinkles o'er the face,

" Destroys each sprightly look, each moving grace ;

" Short, and precarious too, is beauty's date,

" By time soon tarnish'd, or destroy'd by fate :

- " Then fix your chiefest care, ye gentle maids,  
 " On that which never dies, which never fades;  
 " Which accident and destiny disarms,  
 " And heightens all your graces, all your charms;  
 " Creates those pleasures that can never cloy,  
 " And gives a greater gust to every joy;  
 " Can wound each heart without the sense of pain,  
 " And fix your conquest o'er some worthy swain;  
 " And make your offspring, like yourselves, impart  
 " The truest pleasure to each eye and heart.  
 " Virtue, ye fair ! can only here bestow  
 " The zest of pleasure, and the balm of woe ;  
 " And when you sink beneath a weight of years,  
 " Will waft your parting soul to brighter spheres ;  
 " And if, like me, ye quit this mortal stage,  
 " In bloom of beauty and the spring of age,  
 " Some urn, like mine, your mem'ry may prolong,  
 " Or that more lasting monument—a song !

FROM

From hence, the muse a spiral path ascends\*,  
 That thro' thick woodlands, frequent curving,  
 bends ;

And now at last her panting steps attain,  
 Where SHENSTONE'S dome adorns the opening plain ;  
 And, cloath'd in golden blooms, a furze-blown field,  
 And burnish'd waters, all the prospect gild ;  
 And now again, secluded from the day,  
 Along the pendent copse she winds her way.

AND now, a mighty vista strikes the view,§  
 Deceptive narrowing all the woodland through ;  
 Yet not from ev'ry rule of nature swerves,  
 Its base descends or heaves in swelling curves ;

\* Leading from the lovers walk up into the wood.

§ The right-lined walk in the wood.



Where cherry-trees, arrang'd in light-lined rows,  
 On either side their grizled trunks oppose;  
 And, from their spreading tops, profusely throw  
 A bloomy show'r o'er all the walk below;  
 And silver-rinded birches shine between,  
 And mountain-ash with clust'ring blooms is seen:  
 While in the center of the happy grove,  
 With gothic front, appears a fair alcove\*;  
 Where, o'er a terrace, bursts a flood of light;  
 And striking landscapes rush upon the sight.

THERE, like Titanian twins, not distant far,  
 Gigantic Walton † mounts the lumber'd air;

\* Alcove in the wood,

† Walton hill,

Now

And tree-crown'd Clent † seems swell'd with  
conscious pride

That brauteous Hagley § decks its western side.

Here a broad lake || illuminates the vale,

And there Hales-Owen stretches o'er the dale ;

And rural domes o'erlook their subject farms,

Where damask'd meads display their various charms ;

Plash'd hedge-rows trim are stuck with branchless  
trees,

Where corn-fields wave before the whisp'ring  
breeze ;

And flocks of fatt'ning sheep, and new-milch kine,

Luxurious graze, or on the turf recline ;

The draught-horse there on strength'ning herbage  
feeds ;

Here o'er the pastures prance the nobler steeds.

† Clent hill.

§ Hagley park.

|| Hales-Owen mill-pool.

EXERT, O CERES ! thy celestial pair's  
 Nor let these wanton beasts thy crops devour  
 O goddess ! let thy watchful eye attend,  
 Propitious all thy embryo sheaves defend ;  
 And teach thy sons with diligence to keep  
 Each stubborn fence against the ox and sheep ;  
 Let neither mildews reign in vernal night,  
 Nor with'ring worm corrode, nor eastern blight ;  
 And may the æstive lightening's ruddy glare  
 Each milky grain and filmy blossom spare  
 And may not show'rs of fierce autumnal rain  
 Destroy the product of the rip'ned plain ;  
 Till o'er their rising stacks the swains rejoice,  
 And " harvest home " resounds from ev'ry voice.  
 And careful watch, O PAN ! thy past'ral charge,  
 Nor let the tender lambkins rove at large ;  
 Left, wand'ring devious from the fostering feat,  
 With cold and hunger pin'd they vainly bleat :

And

And guard the liberal rams, and teeming ewes,  
 When ravenous dog athirst for blood pursues;  
 And from erosive rot, and wily fox,  
 Defend with constant care thy fleecy flocks;  
 For Baresue swains in thrifty flocks behold  
 A richer store than fam'd Potofi's gold.

The peasant there, as meditation leads,  
 Eyes the brown produce of the rip'ning meads;  
 And marks where silver grass, or rattle, grow,  
 Resolving when to strike the slaught'ring blow;  
 Or, whistling on, a pond'rous bottle bears,  
 (Whose foamy freight the sputt'ring cork declares)  
 Alternate shifted to each weary'd hand,  
 Jocund he goes to meet the sturdy band;  
 Who in their motions time and order keep,  
 As by their sides they lodge the swelling heap.

Or

Or rear the crooked blades, that o'er the fields  
 Dispread their dazzling gleams, like burnish'd  
 shields ;  
 As whetstones o'er the polish'd edge rebound,  
 And with loud clangors fill the vales around ;  
 While, join'd in concert, ev'ry manly voice,  
 Makes the furrounding hills and woods rejoice ;  
 While, o'er the shaven ground, the mingled throng  
 Or sooth their toil with chat, or rural songs ;  
 Here nymphs and swains the shining pitchfork  
 wield,  
 To spread the swarth, or turn the with'ring field ;  
 There, rang'd with rakes, the shining wind-rows  
 seen,  
 In length'ning stripes ; or cocks bespot the green :  
 And there, with mixed tools, a jovial train  
 Mould larger cocks, or load the groaning wain,  
 Or comb the reliques of the scatter'd plain :

Sit, underneath yon oak's refreshing shade,  
 With flow'ry cloth the pleasing verdure spread;  
 With smoking cates in earthen dishes stord,  
 Such cates as swains admire, as cots afford;  
 The pious master sanctifies the treat,  
 And while clean beechen trenchers bear the meat,  
 Blythe nymphs and swains, encircled on the ground,  
 The vands share, or lift the goblet round;  
 Now, o'er the harmless tale they chearful smile;  
 Now, stretch'd beneath the shade, they nod awhile;  
 And now, with glee, resume their wonted toil.

Ye threat'ning clouds suspend your baneful  
 store,  
 Nor injure what your bounty gave before;  
 Disgorge your wombs on scorch'd Iberian lands,  
 Or shed your useless load on Libya's sands;  
 But here, thin, fleecy curtains off display,  
 To shield from Sol's intolerable ray :

And oh ! ye lightsome breezes, frequent fly,  
To cool the scalding sweat, and damp the flaming  
sky.

AND now the muse attains the grove's extreme,  
Where, never blest with TITAN's gladsome gleam,  
Solemn appears the dusky twilight cell,  
Where moping melancholy likes to dwell ;  
For oft has magic fancy seen her rove,  
A meagre sprite, along the silent grove ;  
Slow-creeping on with tott'ring step she went,  
Her haggard looks for ever downward bent ;  
Oft a slow tear bedew'd her deep-sunk eyes,  
Oft her gaunt breast hove high with hollow sighs.

Oh ! gloomy Goddess ! ne'er approach my cot,  
To make more dreary my penurious lot ;

To damp my labour, break my peaceful rest,  
 And cloud the sunshine of my chearful breast.  
 Could thy dull presence, when dire ills intrude,  
 Affuage their smart, or future pains preclude,  
 Thy happy influence then I'd ne'er disown,  
 But round my heart erect thy ebon throne :  
 But thou mak'st misery strike with double force,  
 Still pois'ning every pleasure at its source.  
 Then leave my breast, with all thy hated trains,  
 Nor spread thy raven plumes on Albion's plains ;  
 To nunn'ries, cloisters, monasteries, fly,  
 There damp the heart, and dim the radiant eye ;  
 With abstinence thy fullen vot'ries pine,  
 And pilgrimages, penances, enjoin.  
 But rational Reflection, eagle-ey'd,  
 Point thou my path, with Chearfulness thy guide ;  
 Teach me, though misery's ev'ry mortals meed,  
 Though pains to pleasure, pleasures pains succeed ;

N

Though



Though brumal blasts awhile deform the year,  
 Yet soon the jocund smiles of spring appear.  
 Then I'll enjoy the pleasures while they last,  
 Nor fear the future, nor regret the past  
 Those pleasures which befit a virtuous mind,  
 For other pleasures leave a sting behind;  
 Preventing ills, for ills will oft intrude,  
 My heart still arm'd with Christian fortitude;  
 That fortitude which virtue will attend  
 Thro' life's short conflict, which so soon must end.

No longer, now, the cooling shades I share,  
 But up yon terrace with the muse repair;  
 Where o'er the west unbounded prospects lie,  
 Whose charms unnumber'd fill the veering eye;  
 Where woods and fields unfold a various green,  
 And lucid lakes illuminate the scene:  
 And Stourbridge there, and there old Swinford  
 Rises and stands,  
 And Dudley here the side-long glance demands,

In whose domains, enrob'd in russet hue,  
 A sterile wild diversifies the view\*;  
 Black groups of little mounds the surface throng,  
 With straggling trees, and countless cots among.

Though few external charms the surface grace,  
 Its garb though mean, and abject though its face;  
 Though nature all the fields increase deny'd,  
 And all the flow'ry meadow's gaudy pride,  
 Nor reverend woods the outward part adorn,  
 Nor aught dwells there but poverty and scorn;  
 Though pomp nor pow'r the barren scenes await,  
 They pass with scornful looks its lowly state;  
 Yet pride and folly only will despise,  
 Still honour'd by the gentle and the wise;

---

\* Dudley wood, otherwise Pensnut chafe.

Well

Well knowing its internal parts conceal  
 Its master's glory, and its country's wealth,  
 More than Peru its pearls or gold can boast,  
 Or peerless gems of Coromandel's coast.

And such art thou, O merit ; virtue, thou:  
 When pomp nor riches deck your humble brow,  
 The world, unfriendly, passes heedless by,  
 Or marks your pen'ry with disdainful eye.

Yet some seraphic minds may condescend  
 To brighten merit, virtue to befriend.  
 Ev'n such to me did gentle SHENSTONE prove;  
 And such was B——N's undeserved love;

• Famous for iron and coal mines.

Nor

Nor yet did G——, nor yet did L—— disdain,  
 Nor generous M——, the unknown village swain.

Good use beg to thank you for the aid you  
 Thus all she can the grateful muse repays,  
 While with your names she dignifies her lays.  
 But still to S—— are thankful numbers due,  
 And to you, R——'s, and F——'s, you  
 Whose kind beneficence, dear female band,  
 The best returns of gratitude demand.

Still heaves with gratitude my lab'ring breast,  
 To you, whom blushing Hymen never blest'd;  
 To breathe your pleasing names, ye bounteous fair!  
 But—O my muse! their painful blushes spare.

YET—should you e'er the marriage life prefer,  
 With my warm wish, connubial pow'rs! concur:  
 May each, like GRANDISON, behold her mate,  
 To bless the happy hymeneal state:

Nor e'er such pen'ry and confinement see,  
The hapless lot of Daphne, and of me.

BACK thro' the cell: I now the muse attend,  
And wind the wood, and down the dale descend;  
Where first a gently-waving walk is seen,  
An auburn stripe along the velvet green;  
Where hawthorns, fronting Phœbus' orient ray,  
Now sickly blossoms, berries now, display.

HERE, shapely limes erect their formal heads,  
There, the proud beech its rough-husk'd fruitage  
sheds;

Round whose wide circuit, shook by summer wind,  
The turkey-tribe their kernel'd viands find;  
Or, underneath its solemn branches laid,  
The wearied wand'rer finds both rest and shade.

NON

ANON, a cover'd sward a shelter yields,  
 When western flow'rs bedew the flow'ry fields;  
 Or Sol, from Cancer sultry radiance pours,  
 And mid-day rages with the fervid hours;  
 To sit and catch the cooling eastern gale,  
 With spicy pinion flutt'ring o'er the vale.  
 Behind, with ever-verdant honours crown'd,  
 Young cone-topp'd pines adorn the rising mound.

A DISTANT seat now strikes the busy view,  
 O'er-hung with tufts of holly, larch, and yew;  
 Whose beauteous boughs with polish'd laurels join  
 Their various leaves, and emulative twine  
 A living wreath, to grace an honour'd name,  
 That shines in courts, and literary fame;  
 Great LYTTLETON ! the British senate's guide,  
 The foe of faction, and the statesman's pride;  
 Alike the friend of science and of song;  
 But——to his praise sublimer strains belong.

Nor scold thou, Hagley, while my artless lay  
 Attempt in rural notes the LESSOWS praise.  
 Ye lovely streams, that sparkle silver light,  
 In frequent falls from many a stony height;  
 Whose tuneful murmurs fill the floating gale  
 With liquid music, echoing down the dale,  
 Where weeping willows hide the rocky shore,  
 With crab-trees blushing blossoms arched o'er;  
 Whose branches form a fair fantastic wreath,  
 And, dangling, shade the foamy floods beneath:  
 Here glassy lakes reflect their florid sides,  
 And cackling wild-ducks skim the curling tides;  
 There, o'er the trees, the humble turrets rise  
 Of SHENSTONE'S dome, the seat of social joys!  
 While fields and woods combine their various hue,  
 And bord'ring hills surround the' enchanting view.

My

My stage-muse now seeks the far-fam'd grove,  
 Where time's d' fancy might for ever rove ;  
 That might not faneul Vireen's title court,  
 Its native charms might all its fame support,  
 Nor thou, sweet Mantuan muse, despise the shades,  
 Where art to nature lends her soft'ning aids ;  
 Think not thy name disgrac'd in this fair scite,  
 Which fill'd each tasteful soul with soft delight :  
 Nor SILENT, thou, the rustic muse disdain,  
 Who, thus ambitious, sings thy dear domain.

Risen, half-revealed between the waving sprays,  
 The monument to deathless MARO's praise,  
 An obelisk, like bashful beauty, stands  
 Erected here by grateful friendship's hands ;

---

\* Virgil's grove.



And well rewarded are the builder's pains,  
 With thy harmonious, thy mellifluous strains ;  
 And what more lasting praise could he bestow,  
 For whom these groves ascend, these fountains  
 flow ?

Except his numbers should enroll thy name,  
 That shall, like thine, ensure eternal fame ;  
 And his lov'd virtues flourish fresh and gay,  
 When these proud stones are mix'd with kindred  
 clay.

AND next, to THOMPSON's mem'ry ever dear,  
 (Who sung the seasons of the circling year ;  
 But not a mere description to rehearse,  
 He crown'd each pregnant scene with moral verse)  
 With letter'd lays inscrib'd, a friendly seat  
 Affords a view of all the blest retreat.

BUT

But why thus heaves my breast with pensive  
sighs ?

Why starts the tear, and dims my dizzy eyes ?

Ah ! tho' with fame and honours dignify'd,

Yet here I learn the matchless MARO dy'd :

Nor yet could flowing verse, nor virtue, save

The gentle THOMPSON from the greedy grave ;

And so, alas ! must SHENSTONE, soon or late,

Like them, experience such disastrous fate.

Nor bard nor prince can from death's shafts retire,

He's virtue's guest, he's sent to bring her hire.

Yet why, O SHENSTONE ! should I fear for thee ?

I ne'er that inauspicious hour may see :

Thine eyes may range this dear Arcadia o'er,

When mine behold the blissful scene no more.

THERE, on the left, between the swelling hills,

A lucid lake collects the limpid rills ;

Whose

Whose silver currents, gather'd to a head, were  
 Their freedom gain to form the grand cascade;  
 How oft beneath these sloping arbours laid,  
 As o'er the jetting stones the waters play'd,  
 Well pleas'd I've ey'd the broad-expanded flood,  
 With diamond lustre lighten all the wood,  
 Its self-scoop'd reservoir beneath it lav'd,  
 In foaming eddies, then in circling waves,  
 Kissing, in wanton sport, the rocky sides,  
 'Till, sweetly smiling, smoothly on it glides,  
 And now it sinks beneath the cavern'd road,  
 And gurgling means along the dark abode;  
 Now winds, thro' grass and fern, its mazy way,  
 And now again it bubbles into day;  
 No longer shrowded in the path obscure,  
 But spreads its broad'ning bosom smooth and pure;  
 And now, in less cascades, the hushing tide,  
 Flings down its wanton waves with dashing pride;

III F

Between

Between the falls, the stream divided flows,  
 Where, on a greenward isle, a willow grows,  
 Supreme in sweetness o'er the prouder trees,  
 Whose fragrant foliage scents each passing breeze.  
 Below, a bridge across its current bends,  
 Whose curvy head a steady passage lends ;  
 Where, on its peaceful surface, round impress,  
 A shining circle marks its shadowy breast ;  
 Then in the neighb'ring pond it rests awhile,  
 Exempt from ev'ry pleasure, ev'ry toil.

And here, the moralizing muse may find  
 A striking emblem of the human kind :  
 The rapid stream, impetuous and wild,  
 Denotes the giddy, thoughtless, playful child ;  
 Then sinking from the fight, like studious youth,  
 Secluded from the world in search of truth,

Till

'Till, growing by degrees, his mental powers,  
 To public pastime dedicates his hours;  
 And now to ripen'd manhood he attains,  
 The age that dull obscurity disdains;  
 Embark'd upon the busy tides of life,  
 Alternate reigns tranquillity and strife;  
 By every blust'ring blast of passion tost,  
 Buoy'd up with hope, or in despondence lost;  
 'Till sinking in the icy arms of death,  
 With slow and short'ning sobs resigns his breath.

WHAT flow'rs along its borders nature sheds,  
 That o'er the wat'ry mirror hang their heads;  
 There, vainly, all their self-lov'd charms survey,  
 Until, NARCISSUS like, they pine away.  
 And first, the primrose clad in yellow pale,  
 And violets blue their od'rous sweets exhale;

And

And purple hyacinths, from their pendent bells,  
 Perfume with incense all the neighb'ring dells ;  
 And wood-anemonies, rob'd in snowy white,  
 Whose spotless beauty's ev'ry grove's delight ;  
 Their fairest turbans, here with pride display'd,  
 In rich profusion deck the laughing glade ;  
 But chief, the water-loving marygold,  
 When all her thronging blossoms wide unfold,  
 Each in a glossy tunic gaily drest,  
 With cloth of tissue all the vale invest,

THE thick-wove trees attract the lifted sight,  
 Whose blended verdure scarce admits the light ;  
 Here poplars tremble o'er the prostrate stream,  
 Whose wavy face reflects a twinkling gleam ;  
 And chestnuts tall, with limes and elms combin'd,  
 With op'ning arms embrace the wanton wind ;  
 And here the hazel, here the alder spreads,  
 And oaks and ashes lift their lofty heads ;

And all aspiring, climb their upward way,  
 To stretch their summits in the realms of day.  
 The hawthorn there and furrow'd maple grow,  
 And scarlet clusters on the dogwood glow ;  
 And others, of a like inferior race,  
 Replenish with their boughs the nether space.

BEFORE the eye, in view direct, appears  
 The weeping fount for ever bath'd in tears ;  
 And though with ceaseless waste the drops distil,  
 A scanty source supplies the frugal rill,

So, should the fates with parsimonious hand,  
 Refuse what pride or lux'ry might demand,  
 With but a sparing patrimony blest,  
 Prudential care may furnish out the rest.

CLOSE

CLOSE where the streams descend with saving  
 And daily bear spring derives its source ;  
 Where only links an iron bowl sustain,  
 And hollow'd stones the gushing rill restrain ;  
 Whole waters, with salubrious virtue fraught,  
 To languid limbs afford a strength'ning draught.

THE MUSE no longer now, with chearful strain,  
 Describes the charms of this Hesperian scene ;  
 But thus, retiring, wakes her plaintive voice :  
 As EVE bewail'd the loss of Paradise.

Though all thy flow'rets bloom beyond compare,  
 Thy fountains more than other fountains fair ;  
 No shrubs, no trees, as thine so fresh and gay,  
 More soft thy songsters' flute from ev'ry spray ;  
 Sweet scene of love ! what blissful charms are thine !  
 And must I all thy dear delights resign ?

P

Yes ;



Yes ; fleeting Time, with frowning brow severe,  
 Sternly forbids a longer durance here ;  
 And other scenes the roving muse invite,  
 For fickle mortals still in change delight ;  
 For pleasure new awakens new desire,  
 And makes the past with slighter pangs retire ;  
 Progressive thus, each sublunary joy  
 Shall quickly vanish, or will quickly cloy ;  
 Except the pleasures that a virtuous mind  
 In acts of goodness may for ever find.  
 The reason's plain ; the grosser joys of sense  
 Ne'er mix with those of pure benevolence ;  
 That rapt'ring foretaste of the bliss above,  
 Where all is endless ecstasy and love.  
 But earthly pleasures, like man's earthly frame,  
 Nor long endure, nor long remain the same ;  
 Yet, though so transitory is their date,  
 Adapted to this low terrestrial state,

They're

They're fix'd to be in Providence's plan  
 Yearly renew'd, and last the date of man ;  
 Not meant by heav'n to perish unenjoy'd,  
 Or pass'd with scorn by superstitious pride ;  
 Nor, grov'ling here, the brutal soul to chain,  
 Where happiness is still alloy'd with pain ;  
 But there the soaring intellect to fix,  
 Where pain or sorrow ne'er with transport mix.

HENCE, up an easy winding way I tread,  
 Across a verdant flow'r-besprinkled mead,  
 To where a thousand scents the shrubb'ry yields,  
 Diffusing fragrance o'er surrounding fields,  
 Approaching thoughtless near, with careless gaze,  
 Each startled bosom beats with soft amaze :  
 For, as a lover, by some rural shade,  
 Not yet expecting his dear sylvan maid,

His

His heedless looks o'er all the prospect rove,  
 Hills, woods, and fields, when turning towards the  
     grove,  
 From thicket close she starts before his eyes,  
 And fills his breast with pleasure and surprise;  
 So here, the bright-streak'd phillyreas between,  
 And broad-leav'd laurels ever-shining green,  
 A Medicean Venus' charms impart  
 A sudden impulse to each gazer's heart;  
 And might her statuary's soul inflame,  
 More than Pygmalion's by his iv'ry dame:  
 Yet while her beauties every breast inspire,  
 Her bashful look suppresses wild desire;  
 In perfect symmetry the whole is wrought,  
 And every well-turn'd limb with beauty fraught;  
 Her modest mien, her graceful attitude,  
 And lively feature, seem with thought endu'd:  
 Thus, by an oval bason's grass-grown side,  
 Across whose dimpling surface gold-fish glide,

She stands beneath a fair laburnum's head,  
 With saffron-tassel'd blossoms overspread :  
 These intermixing, purple lilacs meet,  
 And fragrant myrtle blooms beside her feet ;  
 Geraniums spread their painted honours by,  
 And orange-plants, whose fruitage tempts the eye :  
 But what still pleases more, the musing mind,  
 Near, on a mossy mould'ring root, may find  
 In polish'd stanzas many a tuneful strain,  
 The gard'ner's art, and beauty's pow'r explain.  
 By these, the prickly-leaved oak you see,  
 And, with frontated leaves, the tulip-tree ;  
 Here, yellow blows the thorny barberry-bush ;  
 And velvet roses spread their bright'ning blush ;  
 And here the damask, there the provence rose,  
 And cerasus's, double blooms disclose ;  
 With rip'ning fruit domestic raspberries glow,  
 And sweet americans their scents bestow :

July 20th 1811. In the Garden of White

White lilacs and syringas shed perfumes,  
 And gelder-roses hang their bunchy blooms ;  
 And tow'ring planes erect their heads sublime,  
 And, by the sweet-briar, flow'ring willows climb ;  
 Here flimsy-leav'd acacia drooping weeps,  
 And lowly laurustinus humbly creeps ;  
 The foreign dogwood shoots its sanguine sprays,  
 And fable yews combine with chearful bays ;  
 While, by the double-blossom'd hawthorn, stands  
 Curl'd laurel, brought from Portugalian strands ;  
 And arbor-vitæ's rear their fetid heads,  
 And stinking tithymal effluvia spreads ;  
 Here Scotch and silver firs, the shrubs among,  
 And lovely larch with hairy verdure hung,  
 And sycamores their lofty summits rear,  
 And silver-border'd foliage hollies wear ;  
 While these above, with various others, twine,  
 Beneath, the piony and catch-fly shine ;

Narcissus

Narcissus fair, and early daffodil,  
 Between their stems the vacant spaces fill.  
 Across the center, o'er a pebbly way,  
 From latent fountain, limpid waters play ;  
 Where, from a terrace grac'd with IAGO's name\*,  
 Who oft has felt the muse's thrilling flame,  
 A painted feat appears, in green array'd,  
 A prospect yielding o'er a lovely glade :  
 The batter'd priory crowns its further side,  
 Beyond, hills, lakes, and buildings scatter'd wide:  
 While, half-conceal'd behind the thick wrought  
     leaves,  
 Another feat supports the name of GRAVES§,

---

\* Vid. DODSLEY'S Miscellanies, vol. V. page 70.

§ Vol. V. page 62.

GRAVES, gentlest bard of Acmanecsta's plain\*,  
 Whose mind's as gen'rous as his heart's humane.

OH! happy scenes! of ever soft delight,  
 To charm the ravish'd ear, the smell, the sight;  
 Buds not a bush these warbling woods among,  
 But yields from some sweet chorister a song;  
 Breathes not a breeze across these fragrant vales,  
 But may compare with sweet Sabean gales;  
 While all the fields and meads, the woods and  
 bow'rs.

With fairest verdure shine, with fairest flow'rs.

WITHIN these walks what blisful hours I've  
 spent!  
 Nor felt the pangs of dreary discontent;

But all my spirits flow'd serenely gay,

My bosom thrill'd beneath the muse's sway.

But chief, O SHENSTONE ! when with thee I've  
fray'd

O'er chequer'd lawns, or thro' the mazy shade ;

To trim the avenue's encroaching side,

That would or houses, hills, or waters hide,

To lop the thistle's tall unseemly head,

Or brambles, that o'er walks unwelcome spread ;

Or underneath some fair umbrageous tree

Have sat, and heard th' instructive lore with glee ;

Have heard thee philosophic truths impart,

Or teach my artless muse the muses' art ;

Or plant thy morals in my docile breast,

In clearest language, clearer still express'd\*.

---

\* The Author had wrote thus far before Mr. SHENSTONE's death.



BUT now, when o'er the chequer'd lawn I stray,  
 There FLORA wanders, weeping all the way ;  
 And, as at every step she drops a tear,  
 The flowrets fade, and noisome weeds appear ;  
 Or if along the woodland walk I rove,  
 The Dryads groan along each frightened grove ;  
 From every tree the Hamadryads wail,  
 The Fauns and Satyrs o'er each hill and dale.

PAN throws his untun'd fyrinx heedless by,  
 And musing stands, and wipes each tearful eye ;  
 Or hideous howling, with incessant cries,  
 O'er every plain, and echoing woodland flies ;  
 While starting sudden from the circling waves,  
 With shrillest shrieks each madd'ning Naiad raves,  
 And beat their throbbing breasts, and wildly tear  
 Their long lank locks of loose dishevel'd hair ;

Then

Then sadly sob along the verdant brink,  
 Then plunging in the billows, sighing sink.

APOLLO leans upon his unstrung lute,  
 Around him every mourning muse is mute,  
 Except Melpomene, who, to trembling strings,  
 This plaintive dirge in broken accent sings :  
 " Oh ! hear, ye rocks, and Heliconian shades !  
 Oh ! join me, sisters, soft Pierian maids !  
 With me our son's, our brother's loss deplore ;  
 Alas ! alas ! dear SHENSTONE is no more !  
 O honour'd fire ! could not thy healing hand,  
 The sev'rish fire, the putrid pow'r withstand ?  
 Why didst not thou his flutt'ring heart sustain,  
 And pour thy balm thro' every throbbing vein ?  
 Or with nectareous draughts his life prolong,  
 And make his frame immortal as his song ?  
 Or didst thou envy his expansive name,  
 Lest he should rival thy celestial fame ?"

Oh, had I heard thy last departing breath !  
 And clos'd thine eyes, thy lovely eyes ! in death,  
 For thy example, would at last, supply  
 A lesson how to live, as well as die ;  
 That I might there have pour'd mine heart, mine  
     eyes,  
 In all the luxury of tears and sighs ;  
 That ev'ry word and action might have prov'd  
 How much I honour'd, and how much I lov'd !  
 And, with ten thousand fervent pray'rs, have mov'd  
 Thy iron heart, O ruthless death ! to move.  
 Or rather bent my knees to his blest will,  
 Who breaks thy shafts, or gives them pow'r to kill ;  
 For all that art and med'cine's power could do,  
 O ASH, and WALE\*, was minister'd by you !  
 But ah, in vain ! for fix'd was heav'n's design,  
 To crown his virtues, and to call forth mine.

---

\* Two physicians who attended Mr. SHENSTONE in his last  
 illness.

O THOU, PHILANDER ! tuneful friend unknown,  
 Whose elegiac notes his death bemoan ;  
 My soul, transported, heard thy warbling lays,  
 While ev'ry accent wept my SHENSTONE's praise ;  
 More, than because thy muse recorded me,  
 " The tender shoot of blooming fancy's tree\*."

AND GUNNINGHAM †, whose plaintive numbers  
 show  
 A heart that melts with sympathy of woe,  
 Accept my thanks—To thee my thanks are due,  
 For who is SHENSTONE's friend, is virtue's too.  
 And who, that e'er his happy friendship blest,  
 But feels the sad contagion strike his breast ?

---

\* Vide Gent. Mag. for March 1763. Poetry.

† A Gentleman who wrote some verses on his death.

And

And who, that ever felt the muse's fire,  
 But in his praise must wake the weeping lyre?  
 And who, that ever heard his numbers flow,  
 But felt the muse through all his bosom glow?

WHEN my stunn'd eyes thy faded visage saw,  
 When I approach'd thy breathless corse with awe;  
 Oh! that my tears, as fresh'ning summer rains,  
 Revive the flow'rs that droop on drouthy plains,  
 Had, with like pow'r, impell'd thy silent heart,  
 Had push'd the vital flood through ev'ry part;  
 While with my sighs I'd mov'd thy lab'ring breast,  
 And instant rous'd each torpid pow'r from rest:  
 But oh! I vainly sigh'd! I vainly wept!  
 For in the frigid grasp of death he slept.

BUT, base self-love! no longer thus complain,  
 Nor wish him back to misery and pain;

Man's

Man's happiness is ne'er secure below,  
 But oft he feels the random shafts of woe :  
 Then all ye unavailing murmurs cease,  
 Nor banish from my breast the sweets of peace ;  
 But acquiesce in Heav'n's benign decree,  
 'Tis Heav'n's——'Tis best for SHENSTONE and  
 for me ;

But, pardon, Heav'n ! my recent woe recoils,  
 With poignant anguish still my bosom boils ;  
 My will prophane, with reason still at strife,  
 Though all in vain, would wish him back to life.

Oh happy spirit ! where dost thou reside ?  
 Say, how are all thy blisful hours employ'd ?  
 Dost thou, O kind Philanthropist ! descend  
 To visit earth (man's universal friend) ?  
 Dost thou, unseen, the pow'r of vice controul,  
 And breathe thy spirit thro' each wayward soul ?

Dost

Dost thou the sad complaints of misery hear,  
 And, unperceiv'd, repel each doubt and fear?  
 Or dost thou rove BRITANNIA'S bards among,  
 The guardian genius of the moral song?  
 Or, strung t' angelic numbers, does thy lyre  
 Now sweetly join the blest celestial choir?  
 Who to their golden harps incessant sing  
 Their hallelujahs to th' Eternal King.  
 Or does thy spirit range without a bound,  
 Where other planets, other scenes, surround?  
 Or visit these thy native woods and streams,  
 Where of thy muse has sung her sylvan themes?

YE lofty woods of spreading beech and oak,  
 Long, long may ye escape the woodman's stroke;  
 Ye groves, ye fields, should SHENSTONE pass this way,  
 Your loveliest leaves, your brightest blooms display;

That

That, in these shades, he oft may deign to dwell,  
And ev'ry threat and injury repel.

BUT it avails not me where SHENSTONE roves,  
Or whether now the guardian of these groves ;  
Within the dust his body mould'ring lies,  
His mind eludes these gross corporeal eyes.

How welcome would I meet my final doom,  
How willing drop my carcase in the tomb,  
Would Heav'n conduct me to that blissful seat,  
Where joys ne'er end, where ev'ry joy's compleat ;  
Where he, and countless kindred spirits, prove  
Virtue's reward, and their Redeemer's love ;  
For happiness is virtue's lot confess'd ;  
SHENSTONE was virtuous, SHENSTONE must be  
blest'd.

R

BUT



But death will soon arrive without a call,  
 And, by disease, or time, I soon must fall.  
 Tho' these tall shades the murdering ax defy,  
 Yet soon will time's slow-wasting fangs destroy;  
 And soon these lovely fields by which they stand,  
 And all the fair extent of Albion's land,  
 Each flinty rock, and marble hill, decay,  
 And all this vast rotund of earth shall melt away.

AND now, my muse, recline thy feeble plume,  
 No more on thine unaided strength presume;  
 No more on waxen pinions dare to fly,  
 With none to guide thee thro' the pathless sky;  
 No more will SHENSTONE patronize thy lay,  
 Thy beauties gild, or prune thy faults away.

AND thou, my lyre, beneath this cypress shade,  
 In scatter'd fragments be for ever laid :

Thy

Thy strings bedew'd with many a streaming tear,  
 With one expiring clangor strike my ear ;  
 For thus I dash thee on the moisten'd ground,  
 While with confused notes the hills and woods  
 resound :  
 For you've accomplish'd now your pleasing themes,  
 Have sung the LESSOWES groves, the LESSOWES  
 streams ;  
 Have sung my SHENSTONE's dear departed ghost,  
 The muse's glory, every virtue's boast ;  
 Have sung the sorrows of my troubled breast ;  
 Rest thou my muse, my lyre for ever rest.

Since these poems went to the press, the author has  
 informed the editor, that he is in possession of a free school  
 of ~~folk per annum~~, presented him by Lord Viscount Dudley  
 and Ward.

W R O T E

W R O T E A T T H E  
L E S S O W E S,  
A F T E R  
M R. S H E N S T O N E ' s D E A T H.

A H ! still sad memory tends my side,  
As thro' these groves I stray ;  
Still makes the rivulet weeping glide,  
The wind sigh o'er the spray :

For still I fondly range these shades,  
Where SHENSTONE fondly rov'd ;  
These mazy rills, these fringed glades,  
I love because he lov'd,

'Twas

~~'Twas not these scenes that pleas'd alone~~

I feel, since fate unkind

Has snatch'd him hence ; for still I moan,

Tho' these are left behind :

For, all the rural joys I share,

I gladly could forego,

Had fate but deign'd my friend to spare,

Or would again bestow.

O, Orpheus ! could my numbers charm,

Like thine, the ear of death,

Could Pluto's breast with pity warm,

To give him back his breath ;

I'd sing the sun adown the west,

Nor once recline my head

To

To court the balmy pow'rs of rest,

Till gloomy night was fled,

But ah ! I sing my plaintive tale,

And sigh, and weep, in vain ;

No more he'll glad the hill, the dale,

The woodland, or the plain,

When summer flush'd these leafy bow'rs,

With verdure deck'd the glades,

And strew'd the fields with painted flow'rs,

I sought these lovely shades ;

If tree of brighter hue appear'd,

Or flow'r of fairer dye,

Or bird of softer note was heard,

I always with'd him by :

Then

Then, fancy'd paint on shady seat,

His image in my mind,

Or hear his voice in each retreat,

Or feign his step behind ;

But soon, at reason's wak'ning call,

The mimic phantasm flees ;

His voice—was but a water-fall,

His step—was but a breeze :

Then, sorrow thrill'd thro' every part,

My bosom swell'd with sighs,

A sudden gloom depress'd my heart,

And tears bedew'd my eyes :

But chiefly, now, when chilling show'r,

And cold ungenial blast,

2317

Have

Have robb'd the fields of every flow'r,

And laid the woodland waste ;

When snows involve the pathless ground,

And hide the bending brake,

And frosts each silent rill have bound,

And crusted o'er the lake ;

When night, with melancholy gloom,

Each pleasing object hides,

And fancy seeks the dreary tomb,

Where ghastly spectre glides ;

I see the torch's horrid glare,

From this, once blest, abode,

Stream, crackling, thro' the livid air,

And light the murky road ;

While

While rumbling herse, and doleful knell;

Thro' all the night-rebound;

And still, the dire occasion tell,

And still, my bosom wound.

I see his lifeless body laid,

Bereft of all those pow'rs,

That vernal beauties brighter made,

And cheer'd the wintry hours ;

No more, till that auspicious day,

To bless my longing sight,

When earth's foundations melt away,

And Sol's depriv'd of light :

Unless the disembodied mind,

(Thro' heav'n's unbounded love,)

S

May



May all its dear companions find,  
To crown the bliss above,

Sweet hope ! the balm of every woe,  
Shall earth-born joys endear,  
Till I, in heav'n, my Saviour know,  
And meet my SHENSTONE there.

November 1763.

PALEMON

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PALEMON and COLINET;

A  
PASTORAL ELEGY.

WHEN spring with green had ev'ry grove  
array'd,

And deck'd the fields in all their flow'ry pride,  
Two shepherds met beneath an hazle shade,  
PALEMON sung, and COLINET reply'd :

'Twas in the LESSOWES sadly-pleasing grove,  
Beside the margin of that weeping stream,  
Contending passions in their bosoms strove,  
And long-lost DAMON was their mournful theme.

PALEMON

## P A L E M O N.

I still frequent dear DAMON's matchless bow'rs,  
 His limpid springs, and sweet umbrageous vales ;  
 Where I was wont to pass the blissful hours,  
 When DAMON's voice attun'd the scented gales.

## C O L I N E T.

Sure, never shepherd sung so sweet a strain;  
 None could in soft instructive tales excel ;  
 None could, like him, express a lover's pain ;  
 But, all his fame his songs alone can tell.

## P A L E M O N.

A gentler soul ne'er warm'd a shepherd's breast,  
 He spurn'd not pen'ry with imperious air ;  
 Low worth exulted, with his bounty blest ;  
 Each tuneful swain was his peculiar care.

C O L I-

## C O L I N E T.

But, ah ! no more his voice shall charm the grove,  
 From lowly worth his future bounty's fled ;  
 No more shall tuneful swain his goodness prove,  
 He's gone to mix among the vulgar dead.

## P A L E M O N.

Ah ! now I feel, again, the pangful wound,  
 Which late I felt, lamenting o'er his grave,  
 With vulgar turf and twisted brier bound,  
 Nor less prophan'd than that which throwds a  
 slave.

## C O L I N E T.

While murd'rous chiefs, and crafty statesmen's dust,  
 And titled vice, and scepter'd ignorance, lie  
 Beneath the sculptur'd stone, and polish'd bust,  
 Where lying motto's catch the cheated eye.

## P A L E M O N.

When DAMON's brother fell by partial fates,  
 His pious hands fraternal trophies raise ;  
 And one, his tuneful friend commemorates,  
 And one, proclaims the beauteous DOLMAN's  
 praise,

## C O L I N E T.

What tho' no grateful soul, with gen'rous hand,  
 Nor marble urn, nor common tombstone give,  
 In shepherds hearts his character shall stand,  
 And, in his lays, his fame shall ever live.

## P A L E M O N.

My only ram should quit my little fold,  
 (Nor would Narcissa that profusion blame)  
 To see bright marble DAMON's dust enfold,  
 And lasting epitaph support his fame.

## C O L I N E T.

Perchance, in future day, some friend sincere,  
 Of tuneful genius, and of soul sublime,  
 Some monument may o'er his ashes rear,  
 And snatch his mem'ry from the wreck of time.

## P A L E M O N.

Mean-while, from DAMON's fields, and DAMON's  
 bow'rs,  
 What charm'd him with their tints, or soft  
 perfume,  
 We'll yearly cull, sweet shrubs, and glowing  
 flow'rs,  
 And spread the grateful wreath upon his tomb.

March 31, 1764.

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TO THE  
RIGHT HONORABLE  
LORD LYTTELTON.

AS when, with empty purse, and tatter'd weed,  
By superstition urg'd to pious deed,  
An youthful pilgrim seeks some sacred fane,  
Thro' many a lonely wood and pathless plain,  
When fullen winter vents it's stormy rage,  
Beneath the feeble sun's contracted stage ;  
Till, glimm'ring in his just-departing light,  
The gilded turrets catch his ravish'd sight.  
But soon the treach'rous pilot disappears,  
While hideous howls affright his trembling ears;  
Then,

Then, swiftly back, with terror wing'd, he flies,  
 And soon his peaceful cell salutes his eyes ;  
 There, stills his breast, within the safe abode,  
 Resolv'd, no more, to try the dang'rous road.  
 But when fair summer sheds his chearful beams,  
 His terrors past appear like empty dreams ;  
 And while a brighter sun illumines the pole,  
 A steadier courage animates his soul.

So my rash muse, by poverty oppress'd,  
 With fond pursuit of fame inspir'd my breast ;  
 While SHENSTONE's kindness, like a wint'ry sun,  
 Too soon, with life, its shortn'd race had run ;  
 And while the setting orb withdrew its rays,  
 The luring object caught my eager gaze.  
 By passion prompted, still the youthful muse,  
 Thro' paths untry'd the dazzling fair pursues :

T

But



But ignorance round me dreadful darkness spread,  
 And growling critics fill'd my soul with dread ;  
 Till, lodg'd in calm contentment's humble dome,  
 In airy chace, resolv'd, no more to roam.  
 When you, like summer's fun, all-gracious rose,  
 My fairer hopes condemn'd such dull repose ;  
 And, shelt'ring under your protecting name,  
 Again attempt the arduous heights of fame.

TO

TO THE  
 RIGHT HONORABLE  
 LORD LYTTELTON.

A N E P I S T L E.

MY LORD,

SAY, why Augusta yet so long detains  
 Hagley's lov'd Lord from more inviting scene's?  
 No longer Phœbus, blithesome god of day!  
 In fogs envelop'd, throws his soft'ring ray.  
 His genial fires bleak winter's pow'r disarms,  
 And Hagley shines in all its wonted charms.

When

WHEN blust'ring storm, and long-benighted day,  
 Proclaims th' approach of dreary winter night;  
 While motley autumn stains those roseate bow'rs,  
 And sadness clogs the leaden-sandal'd hours;  
 No friend to spur them thro' the tedious way,  
 But books alone beguile the loitering day;  
 While all the soul seems rankling into spleen,  
 'Tis wise to fly the melancholy scene;  
 To fly to bright Augusta's happier sphere,  
 Whose blandishments renew the smiling year,  
 No vacant hour, there, dulls the active mind,  
 But all her pow'rs a full employment find;  
 Fresh objects rising ever in her view,  
 The lov'd variety of life renew;  
 Some new device, still suited to her taste,  
 Forbids one sand of time should run in waste.

As, roving devious, hum the lab'ring bees,  
 O'er primrose banks, or flow'ring willow-trees,

And load, with temper'd wax, their thick'ning  
thighs,

Or bear their golden freightage thro' the skies ;

Shape geometric combs, with curious toil,

And store their hexagons with luscious spoil :

As ants, in vernal gleams, their burdens bear,

And damag'd cells with wond'rous art repair ;

So move Augusta's sons, a bustling throng !

By various hopes and fears impell'd along ;

Some rear the tow'ring structure, others store

The costly freightage of each foreign shore :

One vast machine of life ! nor with the day

It's complex movements, or it's founts, decay ;

For thick-rang'd lamps, diffusing plenteous light,

Protract the day and mock th' approach of night.

BEHELD with wonder, from furrounding plains,

Supremely spreading o'er her wide domains,

Augusta

Augusta stands ; whose tow'rs, superbly high,  
Affect to prop the sapphire-cieled sky.

WITH kingly mien, Paul's rears its awful round,  
With living sculpture, breathing statues crown'd ;  
While columns fair support th' imperial pile,  
The pride and glory of Britannia's isle :  
Perfidious Gaul, Germania's ample coast,  
Nor papal Rome, so fair a structure boast,

IN honours first, though not the first in name,  
Old Peter's long has grac'd the rolls of fame.  
Her pregnant womb with teeming glory shines,  
Of martial trophies, and of fainted shrines,  
Here poets, heroes, kings, of old, are shewn,  
Surviving still in animated stone.  
How sweetly-melancholy 'tis to tread  
Those hallow'd mansions of the mighty dead !

To

To conn the story of each blazon'd name,  
 To drop the tear and sigh for honest fame ;  
 To catch the virtues from the label'd cell,  
 Of those who nobly liv'd, or bravely fell ;  
 Collect the maxims of the sculpter'd page,  
 And plan the code of wisdom for the age ;  
 Weigh well the end of ev'ry earth-born joy,  
 And point our future views beyond the sky.  
 What gentle mind, in these sad, solemn scenes,  
 But feels a thousand fancy'd woes and pains ;  
 And hears expiring sounds, or seems to hear,  
 From marble voice, or spirit hov'ring there ?  
 Repels each rising thought of vicious mould,  
 Lest some pure, unseen agent should behold ;  
 And, borne on seraph wing, with holy love,  
 Indict the miscreant in the courts above.  
 Why there, alone, that caution ? His broad eye,  
 Whose pow'r and wisdom fram'd the earth and sky,  
 With

With single ken-fect boundless systems roll,  
 And probes each nook of earth from pole to pole;  
 Nor cavern'd cell, nor midnight's blackest veil,  
 Can thought, or action, from that eye conceal.

WHAT rich delight to spend a fav'rite hour,  
 In scanning samples of creative pow'r!  
 Man, curious man! may barren Afric rove,  
 And brave the perils of each Asian grove;  
 May navigate the Ganges hallow'd flood,  
 Trace every western river, isle, and wood;  
 Each dark recess of earth's wide womb explore,  
 Each tide-deserted ooze, and rocky shore;  
 All needless labour; whilst Britannia's isle  
 Condemns his dangers, and precludes his toil:  
 In her Museum man may raptur'd see,  
 The whole creation's fair epitome:

For

For scarce a fossil lodg'd within the globe,  
 Or flow'r that spouts it's gorgeous retinal robe ;  
 Or shrub that clings to Neptune's rocky caves,  
 Or painted shell that drinks his briney waves ;  
 Or insect, prone, that crawls in dank, or dry,  
 Or, volant, wantons in the fluid sky ;  
 Or hideous reptile, haunting bog, or brake,  
 Malignant viper, or innoxious snake,  
 But in those precincts, eyes observant, find,  
 To feast the fancy, and enrich the mind :  
 Antiques, coins, medals, tomes of wisdom's lore,  
 All finish'd works of art complet the store.

To Op'ras see a glittering throng repairs,  
 Where musick in the prize with beauty shares :  
 Divides the heart, or captivates the soul,  
 Soothes, chills, inflames, and subjugates the whole.



Both urge a social war; both shew their skill,  
 To lead the soul in triumph at their will;  
 While reason bound by philt'ring fancy lies,  
 And drinks soft poison at the ears and eyes.  
 Meet field for Venus and her darling son,  
 To found new reigns, or fix a reign begun;  
 Meet scene for nymphs whose hearts with rapture  
     dance,  
 And hope full conquest from a single glance;  
 But how absurd, to hear a female note,  
 Transpire, soft-warbling, from a man's throat:  
 Absurd, to hear a British audience roar,  
 From troops of warlike lungs the loud encore  
 Convuls'd with raptures at a flimsy song,  
 In lisping accents, and an unknown tongue,  
 To hear re-echoing hands clap wild applause,  
 At taste inverted, and fair nature's laws:  
 To

To hear each clashing passion of the breast,  
 In mimic trills and soothing sounds express,  
 Can anger, hate, revenge, be felt or shown;  
 In trembling notes that breathe a lover's moan?  
 Shall martial Etius breathing wars alarms,  
 Be drawn with am'rous Cytherea's charms?  
 Or warriors plan campaigns, in arms array'd,  
 Like lovers pining in the sylvan shade?  
 To join spontaneous talk to artful tune,  
 Is like contriving wings to coast the moon;  
 Like ! O forgive my half-presumptuous strain !  
 If coupling sacred things with things profane,  
 And find with nature's charms, the muse compares,  
 Cathedral service with Italian airs ;  
 When gratitude enkindles pure desire,  
 And love celestial fans the sacred fire,  
 The tow'ring thoughts in measur'd cadence move,  
 And tuneful sounds the glowing sense improve :

But

But music joins unnatural delights;  
 And quite burlesques the solemn, pious rite,  
 When calm requests in craving accents rise,  
 Or words are wing'd with penitential sighs.

AVAUNT fantastic op'ras ! Shall the night,  
 Without improvement take an heedless flight ?  
 Give me the feast of wisdom from the stage,  
 The comie ridicule, or tragic rage ;  
 With laughter just to shake th' expanded breast,  
 Or weep tho' mimic virtue seems distress'd.  
 But far be thence the lewd immoral scene,  
 The low buffoon'ry, and the jest prophane,  
 Let vice and folly boldly stand pourtray'd,  
 That visit courts, or saunter in the shade.  
 Let wisdom dare assert her rightful claim,  
 To fix on folly's front the badge of shame.

Laugh

Laugh where she may, and pity where she can,  
 Shew what deforms, what dignifies the man ;  
 And rummage each close quarter of the heart,  
 To scourge out smuggling vice from ev'ry part,  
 That minds by vice and folly ulcer'd o'er  
 Satyr may syringe, precept heal the sore :  
 Till Britain's sons, by such examples taught,  
 Stab vice and folly in the womb of thought.

Far nobler scenes employ the patriot's breast,  
 Divide his days, contract his nightly rest ;  
 When once his country calls his pleading voice,  
 To form their judgment, and direct their choice,

How oft, when Britain's weal your tongue  
 inspir'd,  
 Have crowded senates listen'd and admir'd ;

Heard

Heard you the virtuous policy unfold  
 Of ancient states ; contrast the new and old,  
 Shew by what arts these rose to glorious fame,  
 And by what arts they scarce exist in name,  
 Shew how, as virtue, or corruption sway'd,  
 Their rights were fix'd, or liberties betray'd.  
 While hundred-mouth'd, vocif'rous faction fled,  
 And pale corruption hid her palsy'd head,  
 Gaunt envy, skulking in a corner, stood,  
 And shook her snakey locks, in sulkey mood,  
 Fermenting spleen her venom'd bosom stor'd,  
 In dark cabals to vend the pois'nous hoard,  
 O'er each opponent heav'n-born truth prevails,  
 Fair justice lifts her equal-poised scales,  
 Serene, in charms of clemency array'd,  
 Or, rous'd to wrath, unsheathes her vengeful blade,  
 While liberty and law, with semblant face,  
 Conjoin in fond, reciprocal embrace,

RE-

RELAX'D from senatorial toil and care,  
 You lose no time, the wife have none to spare;  
 In chariot borne you speed the friendly tour,  
 Or friendly rapps assault your founding door.  
 Or, steep'd in study, time unnotic'd flies;  
 Or friendship clips his wings with social joys.  
 What higher bliss can human life afford,  
 Than friendly converse round the festive board?  
 As gloomy ghost or spectre flinks away,  
 When mild Aurora's cheeks are flush'd with day,  
 So anxious care and melancholy flee,  
 Before the dawning rays of social glee;  
 The tranquil bosom feels it's peace refin'd,  
 The strings of life in unison are join'd;  
 Sweet friendship in the heart confirms her throne,  
 Joy stamps each meaning feature for her own.  
 When, smit with love of virtue, you resort,  
 Where clad in beauty's charms she keeps her  
 court;

Where plenty crowns the board with pleasing  
wealth,

And gen'rous bounty weds with sprightly health;  
For plenty's handmaid, elegance, attends,  
And watchful temp'rance guards the health of  
friends.

No mawkish adulation palls the taste,  
Nor pickl'd Satyr sours the rich repast;  
In streams of eloquence the periods glide,  
While taste and virtue over speech preside:  
Where sense and learning in conjunction sit,  
And strong discretion bridles restive wit,  
Where neither modest maid, or matron meek,  
With words confront that stain the bashful cheek;  
Nor holy zeal, nor contrite conscience, fear,  
Licentious speech to shock the tender ear:  
But gen'rous bosoms, more than gems or gold,  
Rich funds of morals, knowledge, sense, unfold;

Tran-

Transmitting each, to each, the rising store,  
 For wisdom's plants, while cropping, flourish  
 more.

A magic circle ! whose enchanted round,  
 Admits no fiend to tread the hallow'd ground ;  
 In judgment's sunshine fancy's flow'rets bloom,  
 And innocence exalts their fresh perfume :  
 No weeds of envy choke the fertile soil,  
 In sleek dissimulation's fust'ring smile ;  
 But virtuous reputation's blossom there,  
 Nor flights of scandal, or, detraction fear,

Dissolv'd are now those spells, that magic scene ;  
 The sweet enchantress charms the rural plain ;  
 And London like a worn-out jilt appears,  
 Oppress'd with burning lust, disease and years ;  
 Whose rich gallants desert her loathed arms,  
 To court the virgin spring's unriv'd charms ;

X

And



And leave her noisy haunts, and harlot face,  
 To plodding trade, and busy city's embrace.  
 The sock and buskin strut the stage no more,  
 Nor eunuch squeaks excite the clapp'd encore ;  
 No senates call you in your country's cause,  
 To guard her sacred liberty and laws ;  
 Then what allurements can Augusta yield,  
 To vie with verdant wood and flow'ry field ?  
 Can squatting smoke, low-hov'ring in the sky,  
 With Sol's celestial, fleecy curtains vie ?  
 Can whirling dust, and smutty, stifling air,  
 With azure skies, or breezy hills compare ?  
 Or mingl'd steams a richer fragrance bring,  
 Than brisk Favonius' incense-wafting wing ?  
 Can tinsel signs, and tawdry toy-shops please,  
 Like flow'ring hedge-rows, and the leafy trees ?  
 Or endless jolts, o'er rattling pavements drawn,  
 Like smoothly swimming o'er the silent lawn ?

Can

Can busy traders, or confused throngs,  
 Excel the hum of bees, or vernal songs?  
 Or noisy hacks, and sly jew, croaking deep,  
 The low of oxen, and the bleat of sheep?  
 Or shady Ranelagh and Sadlers-wells,  
 The warbling milkmaid and umbrageous dells?  
 If simple nature's boorish charms deride,  
 The city's gorgeous pomp, and studied pride;  
 Supernal pleasure must her charms impart,  
 When deck'd, and soften'd, by her pupil, art:  
 Where art and nature join their utmost skill,  
 Where nature's art, yet art is nature still;  
 By art and nature such is Hagley drawn,  
 Each building, woodland, water, hill and lawn.

As late, lone musing, thro' those groves I stray'd,  
 A pleasing voice sweet-warbled from the shade;

I list'ning turn'd, while, from a princely oak,  
In plaintive strains, the hamadryad spoke.

IMMUR'D in town, why will our patron stay,  
While Hagley revels in the pride of May ?  
Apollo's fiery couriers bounding high,  
Attempt the zenith of our arctic sky.  
The wintry train, before his blazing shield,  
With daftard flight resign the conquer'd field ;  
In varied glory shine the meteor train,  
His bright retinue ! o'er the chequer'd plain,  
Thro' which he frequent stoops, from golden feat,  
Still wanting HIM to make his reign complete ;  
Sheds thro' these fanning shades attemper'd beams,  
And eyes, well pleas'd, his image in the streams :  
The streams that tofs their liquid arms around,  
No more in winters icy handcuffs bound.

FAIR

Fair Flora long has mourn'd her first-born  
 flow'rs,

Successive cherish'd in these fav'rite bow'rs ;  
 Her maiden snow-drops prank'd the infant year,  
 Till daffodils bedeck'd their early bier ;  
 The pensive primrose soon bewail'd their doom,  
 And vi'lets wept soft odours o'er their tomb ;  
 Now mournful Hyacinth with drooping head,  
 Laments in silence o'er his sisters dead ;  
 Nor hopes his murd'rous friend can longer save,  
 His purple reliques from their annual grave.  
 The tribes that deck yon garden's glowing space,  
 Tho' Phœbus courts them with a smiling face,  
 And sportive Sylphs, in fragrant robes array'd,  
 On bland Zephyrus' tepid gales convey'd,  
 Caressing, whisper ev'ry shrub and flow'r,  
 No more to dread the night-frost's nipping pow'r,

Still

Still husband all their sweets with niggard care,  
When HE arrives to flood the scented air

THEN haste, beloved patron ! quickly haste,  
Nor lovely spring, nor life, will ever last  
Nor solitary come, but bring along,  
The patroness of virtue and of song  
She, whose bright presence, dull December's day  
Might metamorphose into sprightly May  
Whose virtuous manners, and whose polish'd mind,  
May stand the test and mirror of mankind;  
Where mortals may detect each vicious stain,  
That spots the heart or taints th' ungovern'd brain;  
And, closely scanning her, may clearly know,  
How near perfection human virtues grow.  
Her gentle soul's with richer treasure stor'd,  
Than Indian mines, and sands, and woods afford,

Each

Each art and science lodg'd in her fair breast,  
 With heav'n's bright caravan of virtues rest.  
 Her tuneful tongue with eloquence and ease,  
 The golden merchandize of thought conveys;  
 Brisk fancy wafts it with her sprightly gales,  
 While judgment ballasts all the swelling sails.  
 Thus form'd to give, and relish, social joys,  
 Time hings not idle, or ignobly flies,  
 Where she resides; but moves with chearful pace,  
 Conceals his glass, and smiles with youthful grace.  
 Her presence vice nor folly dare prophane,  
 But chaste delights confirm her friendly reign;  
 And dove-like innocence is ever by,  
 With artless mien, and heav'n-reflecting eye.  
 Thus once we saw her in this happy shade,  
 With ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace array'd;  
 And view'd her charms with such intense delight,  
 Each jealous wood-nymph sicken'd at the sight,  
While

While, here beside these consecrated streams,  
 Your raptur'd fancy sung enchanting themes;  
 Each sister grace the magic notes obey'd,  
 And pac'd, with measur'd steps, the obsequy'd  
 shade ;

While, warbling soft, the Heliconian choir,  
 To strains responsive wak'd the tuneful lyre,  
 Again, with you, oh ! would she now appear,  
 With new delights we'd crown the rip'ning year ;  
 Proclaiming while she treads the blissful scene,  
 All hail ! bright summer's celebrated queen !  
 Our quiv'ring leaves in canopies should meet,  
 And painted flow'rs surround your passing feet,  
 Still pave your way, and still with dying breath,  
 Bequeath their richest sweets, and smile in death.  
 We'd purge the hot and rheumy blasts that blow,  
 And fan pure balmy airs to you below ;

Implore propitious Jove with pray'rs and vows,  
 In aromatic fumes, from whisp'ring boughs,  
 To interpose his providential pow'r,  
 With health, and peace, to crown each gladsome  
     hour,  
 With zeal more ardent than to calm the sky,  
 When tempests rage, or forked lightnings fly.  
 Then haste, beloved Patron! quickly haste,  
 Nor lovely Spring, nor life, will ever last.

May 1765.

Y

VERSES



# V E R S E S

Addressed to \_\_\_\_\_

*On receiving some valuable Books*

**A**s orphans mourn their tender parents dead,  
Unknowing whence to hope their future  
bread ;

So I, an intellectual famine fear'd,  
When, snatch'd by fate, my SHENSTONE disappear'd,  
Some scanty morsels mock'd my eager mind,  
Now half-replenish'd, now with hunger pin'd ;  
Till all my painful, anxious craving ceas'd,  
When your kind hand vouchsaf'd a constant feast.  
So Israel's offspring, on the desert plain,  
Tewail'd Egyptian roots and herbs in vain ;

'Till

'Till bounteous heav'n, to ease their discontent,  
 Show'r'd luscious manna round each murmur'ing  
 tent.

But, like that lustful, that insatiate race,  
 Shall I still murmur, and the gift disgrace ?  
 No ! grateful as a pining wanderer's heart,  
 When christian hands a plenteous dole impart ;  
 And call'd to share the fire's reviving heat,  
 While frigid storms around his temples beat ;  
 As warm to you, to all, my bosom glows,  
 Who sympathiz'd with mine and Daphne's woes.

GRA-

# GRATITUDE.

## A P O E M.

To \_\_\_\_\_

**O** GRATITUDE ! impart thy wonted fire,  
With warmth celestial all my breast inspire ;  
While calm reflection in her steady light,  
Displays past favours to my mental sight.  
With kindling glow I feel my soul expand,  
Enjoy each gift, and bless each giver's hand ;  
Whilst round each eye the trembling drops appear,  
Meek sign of grateful love, and joy sincere.

BUT

BUT where, my Muse ! wilt thou begin ? where  
 end ?

To thank each fair, each noble, gen'rous friend !  
 Forgive her, while her first unequal lays,  
 In vain, bright —— ! attempt your praise :  
 Whom bounteous nature fram'd in lavish mood,  
 And lovely form with beauteous mind endu'd :  
 Not only gave a soft, enchanting face,  
 Attractive mien, or wit replete with grace ;  
 But, wand'ring devious from her wonted plan,  
 To female softness join'd the sense of man.  
 As limpid streams soft, soothing murmurs yield,  
 And feed the teeming tree, and pregnant field ;  
 So flows your sweet, improving eloquence,  
 It charms with music, and manures with sense ;  
 While virtuous thoughts with learned art conjoin'd,  
 To views immortal wake the op'ning mind.

Your

Your vigorous fancy, like a fertile soil,  
 By judgment till'd, o'erpays the tiller's toil;  
 And, through your ever-fruitful pen, displays,  
 Fair wit and wisdom, in poetic phrase :  
 As full-grown orange-plants at once produce  
 Leaves, flow'rs, and fruit, for pleasure and for use.

BRITANIA blessing, and by Britons blest,  
 Each public virtue glowing in his breast :  
 Shone hoary BATH, on life's remotest stage,  
 Those virtue's heighten'd with the stamp of age :  
 As antique coin, or statue, still appears  
 Advanc'd in value, as advanc'd in years.  
 He kindly deign'd my humble plaint to hear,  
 And made his bounty stop the future tear.

SHOULD gen'rous LYTTELTON remain unsung,  
 Eternal silence seal my abject tongue :

Ev'n

Ev'n HE who o'er those matchless scenes presides,  
 Where ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace abides ;  
 And smiling dryads join with gentle fawns,  
 To shape the flocks and mould the swelling lawns ;  
 Ev'n HE forgot a while the happy bow'rs,  
 Forget his tuneful lyre's enchanting pow'rs ;  
 To hear rude numbers from a village bard,  
 While praise and bounty prov'd his kind regard :  
 As if sweet Philomel from Hagley's grove,  
 O'er rugged rocks and barren wilds should rove ;  
 And stop her own inimitable strain,  
 To hear a cooing mountain dove complain ;  
 And call her from bleak hills, and dreary glades,  
 A demizon of Hagley's blissful shades.  
 His Brother too, whose courtly talents please,  
 His graceful dignity, his artless ease ;  
 By radiant circles of the gay caress'd,  
 Whose true politeness crowns the social feast ;

And

And finish'd manners happily combine,  
 With native sense, in camp, or court, to shine,  
 Tho' wont to kindle at the voice of war,  
 Pursuing, dreadless, grim Bellona's car,  
 Inur'd to trumpets sound, or cannons roar,  
 To dying groans, and floods of human gore;  
 Unmov'd on Fontenoy's embattl'd plain,  
 Mid gallic shouts and heaps of Britons slain:  
 He's form'd to relish more serene delight,  
 In verdant wood, or lawn, or fountain bright;  
 In warbling concert of the feather'd choir,  
 Or sweeter sounds that swell th' Aonian lyre:  
 Ev'n HE preferr'd my muse's rural charms,  
 To rattling drums, and horrid clang of arms;  
 Nor only listen'd to her plaintive voice,  
 But o'er his bounty makes her pipe rejoice,  
 Nor HE, the church's bright support and pride,  
 Did simple swain, or sylvan song, deride;

But

But stoop'd each homely moral truth to scan,  
 And prais'd the poet while he bless'd the man.  
 Nor DUDLEY WARD withheld a gladd'ning meed,  
 Nor his kind Heir despis'd the oxen feed ;  
 But crown'd with gold, and boxen pipe, my lays.  
 A pipe that might inspire a nobler praise :  
 And, like fam'd LYTTELTON, with gen'rous mind,  
 To bounty added favours unconfin'd,  
 A free recourse to many a learned tome,  
 And constant welcome to his friendly dome.

WITH equal honours, claiming equal praise,  
 A noble train demand my thankful lays ;  
 That deign'd to hear me chaunt my mournful airs,  
 While balmy gifts asswag'd my wounding cares ;  
 Worth, godlike worth ! must in their bosoms dwell,  
 Whose rays of goodness cheer the rural cell :



Inferior minds the fyren pleasure seek,  
 And shun the throbbing breast, the humid cheek,  
 While squand'ring wealth, in idle, usefess, toys,  
 Mischievous frolics, or delusive joys,  
 See want and mis'ry haunt the gloomy cot,  
 Nor fancy swains deserve a better lot.

SHOULD MARTIN'S name unkindly rest forgot,  
 May endless ills infest my hapless cot !  
 Tho' unadorn'd with titles, pomp, or state,  
 No cringing vassals crowd his humble gate,  
 Yet truly noble is that gen'rous heart,  
 That, freely, could so rich a gift impart ;  
 For, ravish'd by its aid, my eyes behold  
 The wonders of creative pow'r unfold ;  
 In flow'r, and insect, heav'nly wisdom trace,  
 Or view bright Phœbus' maculated face ;

Or

Or pallid Luna's craggy disk descry,  
 Or horned Venus gild the western sky;  
 Old Saturn's ring, great Jove's attendant train,  
 Or twinkling orbs that stud the azure plain:  
 Or, o'er the painted wall, delighted, view  
 The soft-reflected landscape's chequer'd hue.

Nor frowning critics damp the muse's fire,  
 Nor drown, with clam'rous din, her feeble lyre,  
 While friends of taste and learning curb their spite,  
 And HAWKESWORTH in her praise vouchsafes to  
 write;

As when, from hostile foes, a venom'd dart,  
 Invades with pungent pain some tender part,  
 Till skilful hands the arrow disengage,  
 While antidotes allay the poison's rage;  
 So shafts discharg'd by th' envious, heedless, blind,  
 Inflam'd, a while, and fester'd in my mind,

'Till

'Till kind applauses every pang suppress'd,  
 Clos'd ev'ry wound, and heal'd my bleeding breast  
 When some kind friends their names with  
 Tears conceal,  
 Dispensing bounty from behind a veil;  
 As when the sun withdraws his gladsome light,  
 The honey-dews pervade the gloom of night;  
 With fair Aurora we the drops explore,  
 But see no hand that shed the luscious store;  
 Yet, tho' their names embellish not my lays,  
 The muse shall oft her grateful tribute pay;  
 Shall oft, with silent thanks, their goodness own,  
 While fervent pray'rs pursue each hand unknown.  
 Nor shall a grateful mem'ry of the past,  
 A slight impression make, a moment last;  
 Like those imperfect types by school-boy drawn,  
 Along the bosom of the snowy lawn,  
 Which, when the breeze is soft and still,  
 Still har-

That, smote by Titan's beams oblique, detain  
 Or Boreas' blustering pinion puff away,  
 Nor passion's blast, nor fretting foot of time,  
 No change of fortune, and no change of clime,  
 Shall e'er erase, from my tenacious breast,  
 The sacred marks by GRATITUDE impress'd;  
 But, as the marble monument retains  
 Each symbol graven on it's polish'd planes,  
 Still faithful to each dead, or living, fame,  
 While it's uninjur'd form remains the same;  
 So shall my honest heart maintain it's trust,  
 Till the soft substance moulders into dust.  
 But shall my soul, while earth-born gifts inspire,  
 Return no thanks to her Almighty Sire  
 From His stupendous love all blessings flow,  
 That sweeten life, or blunt the edge of woe.  
 Within the womb I felt his forming hand,  
 And life, and light, enjoy'd at his command.

He lodg'd my food within the soft ring breast,  
 And each successive year his bounty blest.  
 He planted, fed, and rear'd, each virtuous thought,  
 By learned volumes tut'ring schools untaught ;  
 Unveiling, by that light, to heedless youth,  
 The sweets of piety, the charms of truth.  
 He fledg'd my youthful fancy's vent'rous wing,  
 Inform'd her flight, and taught her voice to sing.  
 He warm'd the social breast with kindred love,  
 To ease that heart where want with virtue strove.  
 He prompts my mind to chaunt the grateful song,  
 Nor snatch a blessing like the thankless throng.  
 He sent illumin'd saints those truths to teach,  
 No stretch of human wisdom e'er could reach ;  
 For man's offences gave his Son to die,  
 To purchase man a title to the sky ;  
 Thence gives me faith his future care to crave,  
 And lift a fearless look beyond the grave.

Then,

Then, O great God ! forgive a mortal song ;  
 Thy praise unfinish'd flows from Seraph's tongue :  
 Yet wilt thou lend a kind paternal ear,  
 Invok'd by songs of love, and filial fear :  
 Then hear, all-knowing Pow'r ! eternal King !  
 Accept my pious fervour while I sing ;  
 O pardon me ! if Care, or Lust, or Pride,  
 Unduly lure my cheated thoughts aside :  
 Vouchsafe, my soul, celestial joys may share,  
 And endless years, thy endless praise declare.

TO

---

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
The COUNTESS of

---

*On the Death of a Daughter.*

**F**AIR Flora lay within a roscate bow'r,  
And wept, in nightly dews, a fav'rite flow'r,  
A flow'r she fancy'd fate had snatch'd away,  
In all the charms of youth and beauty, gay,

With pity Pallas view'd the mourning fair,  
Her streaming eye, and melancholy air ;  
And left, awhile, her azure throne above,  
To sooth her, thus, in words of peace and love.

Gentle

Gentle nymph ! no longer pine,

Bow at Jove's imperial shrine ;

Who, with kind, auspicious pow'r,

Bore away your tender flow'r,

From this cold ungenial clime,

From the reach of Fate, and Time ;

Bore it to yon peaceful skies,

Where no storms or tempests rise,

Where no frosts or mildews come,

There to live in endless bloom :

Favour'd nymph ! no longer mourn,

Grateful thanks to Jove return.

A a

ODE



---

O D E  
T O  
A P O L L O,

*Imitated from HORACE.\**

WHAT, while my best oblations thus I pay,  
Shall I request? great God of verse and day!  
Not all the golden grain Britannia yields,  
Or fleecy flocks that throng her fertile fields;  
Not meads and villas wash'd by silver Thames,  
Or endless wealth that loads his smiling streams:

---

\* A gentleman having sent the author a literal translation of this Ode, requesting him to imitate it, applying the subject to his own country and himself, produced the above,

Let

Let fortune's fav'rites prune their subject vines,  
 Let merchants quaff in gold the gen'rous wines,  
 While prosp'ring Gods each wealthy bark sustain,  
 That frequent plows the wide Atlantic main :  
 Me, herbs and fruits and simple viands please ;  
 O grant, Latona's son ! O grant me Ease,  
 Content and Health—an ever-tuneful lyre—  
 Rever'd old age—these bound my full desire.

## F I N I S.

## E R R A T A.

Advertisement Page xiv, line 5. for  
*them* read *it*.

Page 3, line 11, for *foilage* read *foliage*.

6, l. 9, for *choirists* read *chorists*.

7, l. 2, for *denyed* read *deny'd*.

20, l. 3, for *fights* read *sights*.

20, l. 9, for *plaint* read *p'ant*.

25, l. 3, for *Phidia's* read *Phidias's*.

25, l. 7, for *refined* read *refin'd*.

46, l. 1, for *wisp'ring* read *whisp'ring*.

59, l. 14, for *sequest'd* read *sequester'd*.

85, l. 1, for *teaming* read *teeming*.

90, l. 2, for *jocund* read *jocund*.

97, l. 11, for *revealed* read *reveal'd*.

120, l. 12, for *of* read *oft*.

143, l. 3, for *sculpter'd* read *sculptur'd*.

153, l. 10, for *sights* read *blights*.









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